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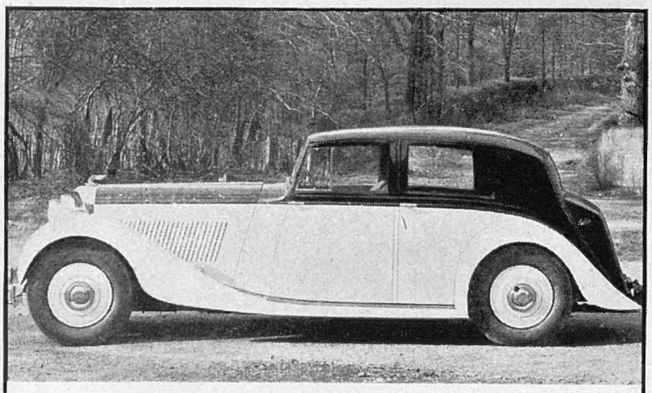

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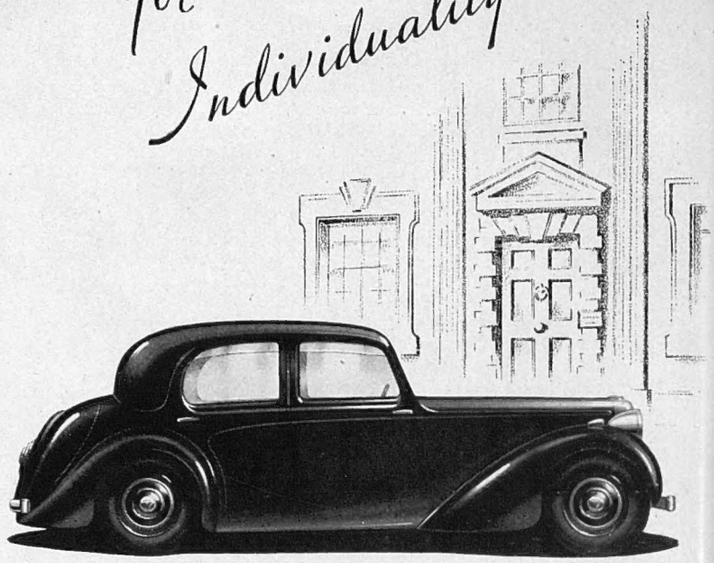

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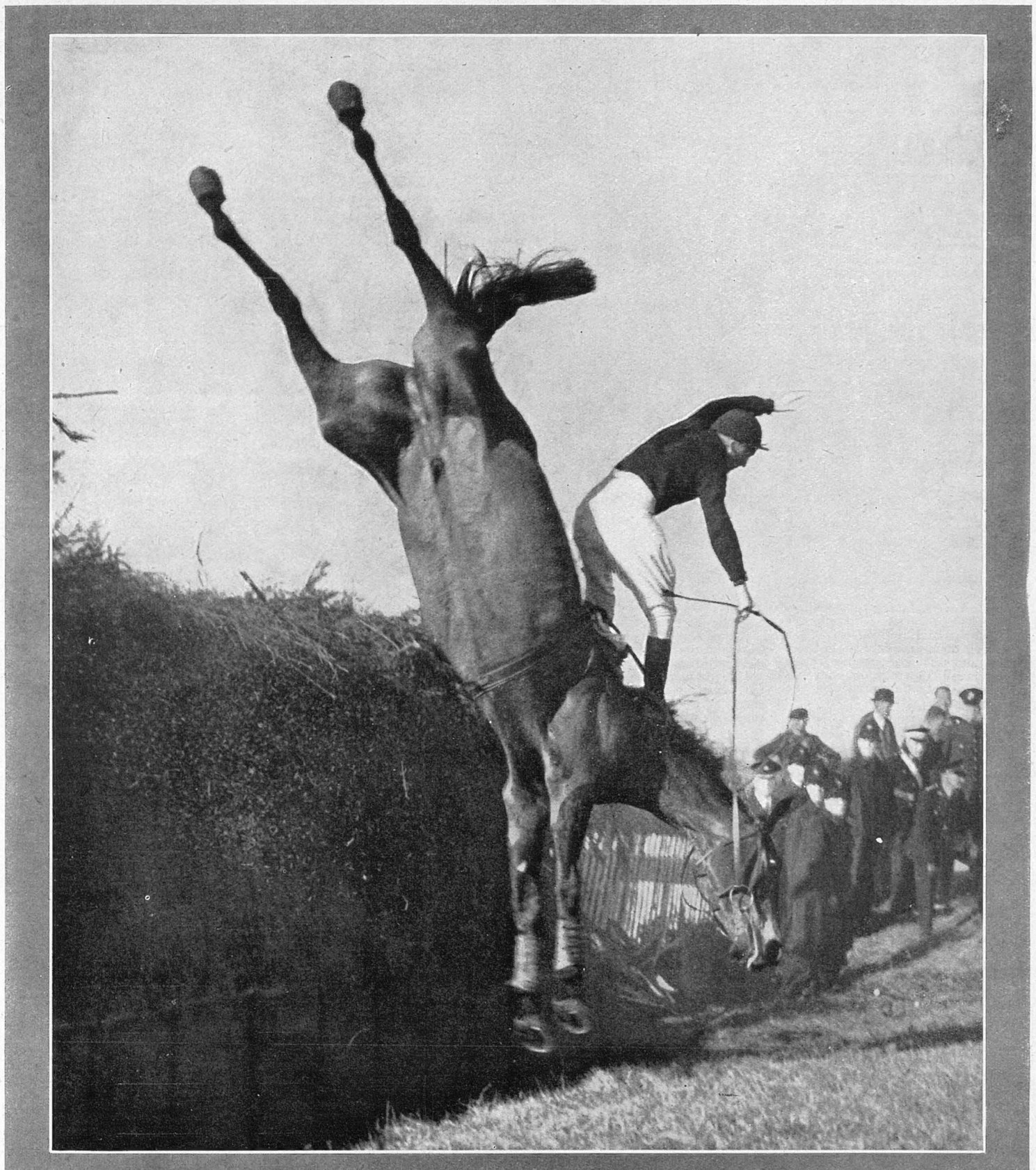

ONE OF THE HORSES COMES TO GRIEF AT BECHER'S BROOK — A SPECTACULAR FALL IN THE FIRST POST-WAR GRAND NATIONAL HELD LAST WEEK AT AINTREE: Largo's jockey, J. Cooke, still has a grip on the reins as he leaves the saddle. It was at this fence that Symbole was killed

The Grand National of 1946 will live in memory as a triumph for Irish-bred and Irish-fed steeplechasers, and it will also be remembered for the dramatic climax which, in a matter of seconds, turned what had seemed certain victory for the favourite into defeat, with the first two places occupied by the 25 to 1 outsider Lovely Cottage, and the 100 to 1 outsider Jack Finlay. The favourite, Prince Regent, carrying top weight of 12 stone 5 lb., although hampered by loose horses, gave a faultless display of jumping and came to the last fence with a clear lead of two lengths, appearing to the expectant crowd to be a certain winner. The weight, however, was taking full toll, and it was then that Lovely Cottage, ridden by the amateur, Captain Petre, put in a strong and determined challenge to win by four lengths, and, with Jack Finlay, the freshest of the three, coming late on the scene with a rare burst of speed, Prince Regent had to be content with third place. Of the thirty-four starters in this first post-war Grand National, only six finished the course, and the race more than lived up to its old reputation for producing the unexpected. Symbole, one of the two French challengers, was killed when he fell at Becher's Brook. Largo, seen in this picture, was involved in a spectacular fall at Becher's. The horse was none the worse for the mishap, but his jockey had to be taken to hospital

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

ART IN THE BLOOD : Fifteen-year-old John Constable Reeve, of Sproughton, Suffolk, whose family claims descent from the celebrated landscape artist John Constable, pointing to his painting "Interior of a Suffolk Farm," which has won him recognition at the Royal Drawing Society's Exhibition of Children's Art at Guildhall, London. Just beneath is his picture "The Sprouting Oak," which is regarded as even more mature in style. Reeve's paintings have won for him the Gold Star at the Exhibition, and a great future is predicted for his work. Standing beside him is Mr. W. G. Browning, of the Royal Drawing Society. "John has never had a lesson or been to an art exhibition in his life," declared his father last week; but a few days after the opening of the Guildhall Show they both went down to the Victoria and Albert Museum to admire the Constable Exhibition, which is attracting such attention there

Foreign Policy.

—Mr. Bevin is certainly not an orator. In England in the last two centuries we have been perhaps too prone to connect oratory with statesmanship, and accordingly the reputation of statesmanship has suffered. It has come to mean *vox et præterea nihil*, a nicely-balanced formula or two, signifying . . . nothing. It 's the brass tacks, not the gilt ornamentation, that count ; and Mr. Bevin drove his nails home with a homely hammer. If they succeed in holding up firmly his declared policy, if he sticks to that policy and goes all out and undeterred to achieve his points, we can do without the frills. Policy, of course, is one thing, and translation into practice another. It was our policy to disarm as an example after the First World War. It left us naked, for the example was not everywhere followed. It is our policy to-day *not* to try to achieve national or imperialistic aims by the blackmail of force, and to recognise that the chief cause of friction to-day, and the pursuit of national aims, is the need to secure certain vital raw materials. Recognising this cause, we subscribe in principle to the ideal of pooling the world supplies of such materials. That is another principle which has to be translated into practice, and neither the first nor the second can be effectively translated unilaterally. It was so with disarmament. It must be " all hands face upwards on the table." And that leads to one more snag. Plain speaking is splendid—in principle. It so happens that in practice the great Power which in the past few years has spoken constantly with the most frankness and bluntness—almost to brutality—is the first to be offended by frankness and bluntness in return. It follows then, that between declared policy and achieved practice, there stand many obstacles to be surmounted. But the principles are unexceptionable.

Ribbentrop Stripped Naked.

—The British training in forensic technique and British Court procedure may be relied on to extract the truth. If efficiently conducted, a cross-examination by British methods sooner or later exposes the truth if the witness is prevaricating by ever so little. Ribbentrop proved easy game to Sir D. M. Fyfe, who has consistently shone in cross-examination at Nuremberg. Indeed, Ribbentrop's collapse can go down in legal history with the collapse of Orton in the Tichborne case and with the equally famous instance in the Parnell case. The " Metternich of his age," once inflated to bursting-point by vanity and easy success, was punctured wherever Sir David inserted a pin, and after five hours of the game, he sagged over the witness-box, an empty envelope. The cross-examination of Ribbentrop was a bright spot in the non-stop, ever-lasting proceedings. It brought back the trial to the realms of sanity and proportion. It was *relevant to the issue.* That cannot be claimed for the proceedings of every day.

Britons for Ever Slaves.—

I and a neighbour jointly employ a gardener. He has a crippled wife, and (for one reason and another) is exempt from tax deduction from his " pay packets." We are each of us compelled to keep and periodically return various cards and forms showing " tax if any deducted," and weekly payments, and so on. No tax is ever deducted. The weekly payments never vary by a penny On April 5 we fill in a grander form for our shared gardener. It is a very large and irrelevant form for a ' one-half-employee " We each inscribe his name on the card—there is room for twenty more—and we are invited to deduct the tax deductions we have not deducted from a variety of grand totals, and we send in this super-card with a number of others which we have been filling in, and periodically returning, all the year. All of which shows that there can never be any elasticity—as who should say, common sense—in bureaucracy. Always the system, designed to benefit the many, must involve immense waste not only of money and time and paper, but, much more precious, of vital energy which might go to constructive work. Bureaucracy can never say to the *individual* : " O.K., don't bother. We trust you. Let us know if the conditions alter." April is the Passion-tide of the form-filler. There will be the overlapping schedules of Income Tax, a day's work for the lucky poor, a month's work under experts for the unlucky " rich." In April we realise with awful clearness just what is the weight of the fetters we have allowed ourselves to be loaded with. How many of the " war-time " forms and requisitions and inquisitions have been cancelled ? For years to come we look forward to hours, days, weeks of form-filling in order that we may do our bare duty as citizens and family men and householders. And we are only at the beginning of the storm of paper. Think of the new Health Services, children's allowances, and God knows what not. Think of the inquisitions before at long last you may get permission to spend £15 on repairing your war-scarred house, or to build a tool-shed. Think of the trouble you must take filling forms in order that you may maintain and run a tiny car, or feed half-a-dozen hens.

A Land for Heroes—or Robots?

—Do you wonder that the emigration offices are thronged ? Do you wonder that the middle-aged (who knew better, freer, happier days) are beginning to feel that they 've "'ad about enough of it ? " *Tu l'as voulu, Georges* ; and, if you ask me, you haven't seen the end of it and are unlikely to see any simplification in your lifetime And, indeed, this isn't a life worth living for men born free and everywhere, every day, more loaded with fetters and bureaucratic restrictions. It isn't a life fit for galley-slaves. And don't imagine it is all the fault of the Labour Government. The Conservatives, in their long years of power, did nothing whatever to simplify income-tax collection or to control the bureaucratic stranglehold. All Governments *surrender to bureaucracy on the day they come to power.* To-day we are the most enslaved nation on earth. We sold our birthright, surrendered our Magna Carta, for the distant prospect of a mess of pottage ; accepted petty regimentation as the price of potty security. We fought for liberty. But we are compelled to read and understand the equivalent of a short novel before we can apply for our Defence Medal ! And as for our mess of pottage—our children's allowances—how many of us entitled will wade through the sea of paper and penetrate the concrete defences which will lie between the " cup " and the " lip "?

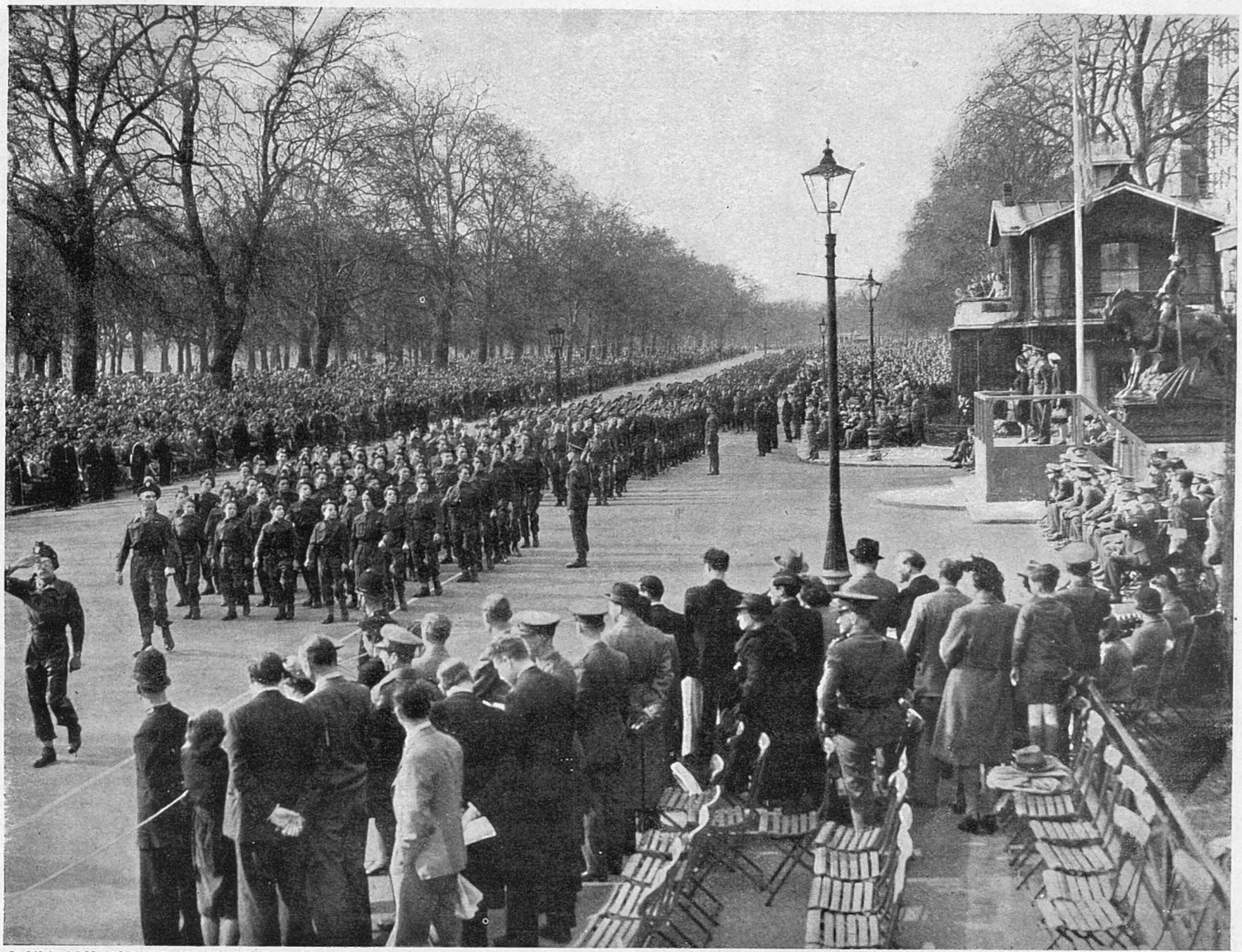
The Shop Shuts.

—The end of the R.M.A. and the R.M.C., " the Shop " and Sandhurst (R.M.C.), had been confidently anticipated. Woolwich, the elder establishment's home, has long been too much overbuilt for the job, and henceforth the training of officers of all arms will be conducted at Sandhurst under the older title, R.M.A. All candidates of all arms will first be compelled to serve for six months in the ranks. Selection will be from two sources, by an entrance examination and by selection from likely youths already serving in the ranks, without an examination but not without aural tests and scrutiny of character and fitness. The chosen candidates will receive the pay of " other ranks," and will themselves pay no fees. Each successful candidate will be given a fair prospect of entering the corps or regiment for which he expresses a preference, and family or territorial associations will improve that prospect. Difficulties of accommodation at Sandhurst may for a time restrict intake, but the new single establishment is expected to begin its work next January. There is, then, nothing novel or revolutionary in the plan. It marches with what we call " general democratisation " of our institutions. The scheme could only fail to achieve " democratisation ' in the unlikely event of all those charged with selecting and testing candidates from the ranks and for the academy proving to be Blimps. After the testing of the late war, and in the spirit of the current peace, this eventuality is in a high degree improbable. The intake should be very healthy and fine, and the training very thorough and searching, and as up-to-date for all arms as the I.G.S. and human foresight can make it . . . in the atomic question-mark age.

A Nation of Form-fillers.

—In 1914 the Civil Service numbered 250,000. To-day it numbers thrice that figure. Graphs, no doubt, can prove anything. Lord Balfour (of Inchrye) is prepared to draw a graph showing that by the year 2000 every person in Great Britain will be a Civil Servant. The entire nation will eke out a futile and imbecile existence, taking in each other's forms and answering each other's inquisitions A sombre picture enough—no unemployment but a whole-time job for everybody on the Mad Hatter model. We need not take Lord B. too seriously, and yet we cannot take his irony too seriously. For the Government spokesmen, who are perfectly justified in trying to defend themselves against the charge of enslaving the nation to bureaucracy, cite the world wars, and the duty of cleaning up after world wars, as the prime causes of this hideous and alarming increase. But, there is not a hopeful hint, or one single hopeful pointer in practice, that any reduction in C.S personnel or in the stranglehold of form filling and inquisition is in prospect in our time. Is there, I wonder, living a single ex-Minister or Minister who in a full year has personally dealt with all the forms which the average citizen of limited means must deal with to enable him to achieve a bare existence and to fulfil his bare duties as a citizen ? If there be such a one, does he not *sense* the dangers inherent in this slavery under which we are doomed to live ? Breaking-point is not far off. Lord Balfour, in one sense, is fifty-four years behind the times. To-day, in 1946, we are practically in the position he forecasts for 2000. The whole nation spends the best of its time and energy in exchanging and completing forms and permits for the bare means of caveman existence—from paraffin to P.A.Y.E.

THE OLD STAGER



A VICTORY PARADE IN HYDE PARK—PRINCESS ELIZABETH TAKES THE SALUTE AT A MARCH-PAST OF 6,000 CADETS OF THE ARMY CADET FORCE: The scene at the saluting base just inside Stanhope Gate as Her Royal Highness reviewed the marching columns, standing to attention for half an hour while they filed past in the presence of thousands of cheering spectators

PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE CADETS AND THE GRENADIERS

Two Military Occasions on which She Flew Her New Personal Standard

The culmination of a three-day Army Cadet Force Rally in London took place at Stanhope Gate Hyde Park, last Sunday afternoon when, in perfect spring sunshine Princess Elizabeth took the salute as 6,000 cadets marched before her. The boys in the parade were all aged between fourteen and nineteen, and the total strength of the Cadet Force, which is seeking yet more recruits, now numbers 9,000 officers and 150,000 other ranks. For the march-past the Princess stood on a dais in front of the Cavalry Memorial—St. George with uplifted sword—with her own new personal standard flying above her head. Standing with her were General Sir Charles Lloyd, and Major-General R. E. Urquhart, who commanded the 1st Airborne Division and is now Director of the Army Cadet Force. The band of the Grenadier Guards was posted opposite to play the cadets past. Down the carriage-road from Marble Arch they came six abreast, between dense crowds of onlookers, including many elder brothers in khaki, and it was nearly half an hour later when the mounted police in rear rode by. During all that time, as the cadets passed with heads and eyes to the left the Princess stood as straight and still as the two Guardsmen with the markers' flags in front of her

PRINCESS ELIZABETH REVIEWS HER OWN REGIMENT—A DAY AT THE GUARDS DEPOT IN SURREY. *Left*—Her Royal Highness inspecting members of a Company of the Grenadier Guards, the Regiment of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, during her visit to Caterham last week. *Right*—The Princess, with her own personal standard carried by an N.C.O. of the Guards, watching the march-past of the Company. She afterwards made a tour of the barrack rooms and took luncheon in the officers' mess. The Princess's personal standard, which also appeared at Stanhope Gate during the march-past of the Army Cadet Force last Sunday, has only just been completed and it was displayed for the first time during the recent visit to Northern Ireland

U.N.O. DEBATES THE PERSIAN PROBLEM

The Fateful Meeting During Which Mr. Gromyko Walked Out

THE CLIMAX OF A STORMY SESSION—RUSSIA IS OUT-VOTED AT THE SECURITY COUNCIL : A dramati picture taken at Hunter College, New York, as the delegates rejected by nine votes to two a Russia motion that the debate on the Persian appeal to U.N.O. should be postponed. Seated from left t right in the front row are Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet delegate who subsequently walked out of th Council, Sir Alexander Cadogan (United Kingdom), Mr. Stettinius (United States), Mr. Byrn (United States), Colonel Hodgson (Australia) and Dr. Velloso (Brazil). On the right is Mr. Trygve L

On March 27, at Hunter College, New York, the affairs of the United Nations reached a new and alarming crisis, and when Mr. Gromyko, the senior Soviet delegate, made his dramatic exit from the Council Chamber after the defeat of his motion calling for a postponement of the debate on the Persian question, it seemed the Security Council was called upon to tackle its most intricate problem to date. Since then wise statesmanship, and the refusal of Russia to press matters to an open breach, have done much to smoo out the difficulties. The Soviet Government has stat that the evacuation of Persia by Red Army troops will b completed within six weeks, and that no conditions a attached to the withdrawal. On April 5 it was announc from Teheran that Russia and Persia had made a pact, o of the clauses of which indicated that no further discussi of the Persian problem before U.N.O. would be necessa

MR. GROMYKO PUTS HIS CASE BEFORE U.N.O.—THE SENIOR SOVIET DELEGATE AS HE MADE HIS PLEA FOR THE POSTPONEMENT OF THE HEARING OF T PERSIAN APPEAL TO U.N.O. : Mr. Gromyko is seen seated on the left in the front row and is speaking into the microphone before him. Sir Alexander Cadoga the British representative, sits next to him, impassive and with downcast eyes, while Mr. Stettinius and Mr. Byrnes, the U.S. Secretary of State, regist their emotions more plainly. It was immediately after Mr. Gromyko had spoken that the vote was taken, and the Council rejected the Soviet plea for postponem

HUSSEIN ALA PLEADS HIS COUNTRY'S CAUSE : The Persian delegate, who was specially invited to sit at the big elliptical council table, urged that there should be no postponement of the Persian case. A subsequent attempt to discredit Hussein Ala was countered by the Persian Premier's assurance that he was the fully-accredited representative of his country

WHEN MR. GROMYKO WALKED OUT : The senior Soviet delegate, dark-haired and impassive, leaving Hunter College, New York, with his fellow-delegates after his plea had been rejected by the Security Council. His subsequent movements were mysterious

THE VACANT CHAIR—THE SCENE IN THE SECURITY COUNCIL AFTER MR. GROMYKO HAD MADE HIS DRAMATIC EXIT : The members of the Council are seen listening to Mr. Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General, as he gives them a ruling on a technical point in the procedure. On the left is the chair just vacated by Mr. Gromyko, who, following the defeat of his motion and in an atmosphere of mounting tension, made his departure from the chamber. Sir Alexander Cadogan, Mr. Stettinius, Mr. Byrnes, Colonel Hodgson and Dr. Velloso all show by their seriousness of expression that the affairs of the Council have reached a crisis

DIGGING FOR ROMAN LONDON

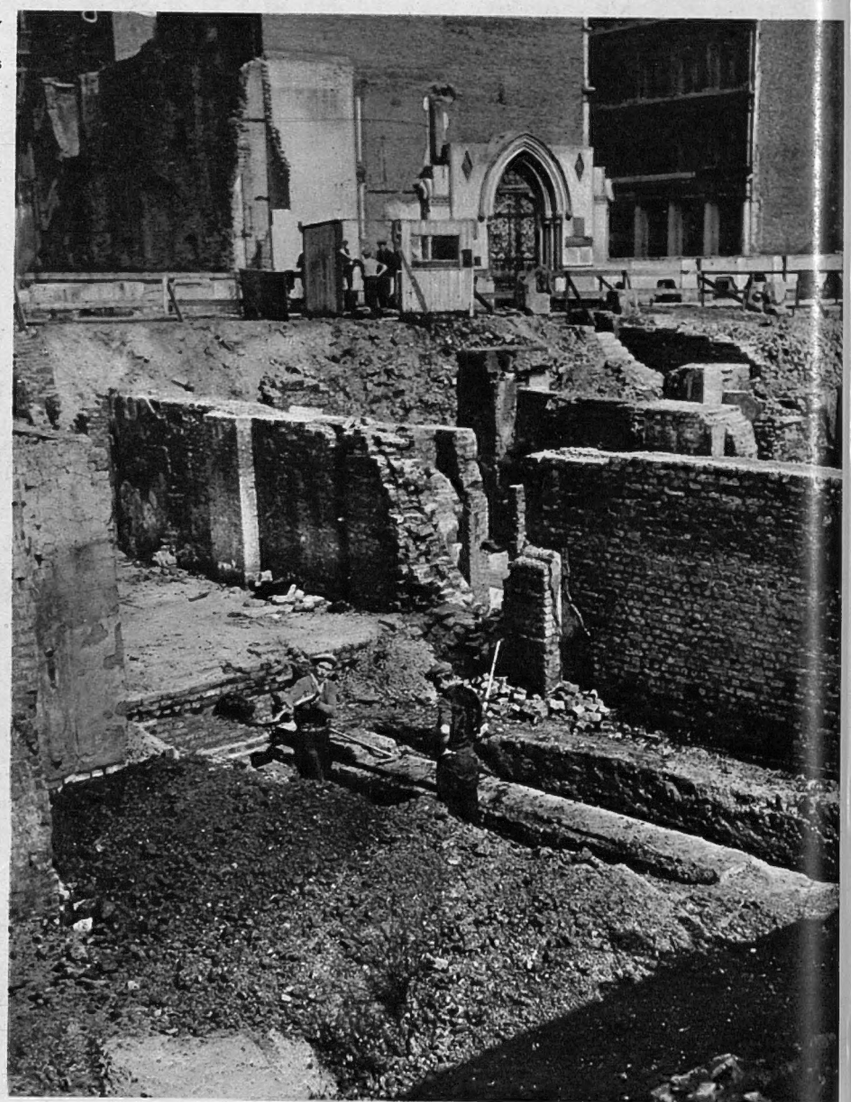
Mr. Grimes, of the London Museum, Finds Relics of the Ancient Settlement Among the Blitzed Buildings of the Modern City

With the coming of the Romans the first real settlement of London came into being, and the first Roman city was probably located between the Tower and Leadenhall Street. Of the streets of that first city but little is known, and not until the blitz, when so much of central London was laid low, has a real opportunity presented itself to add further to our knowledge.

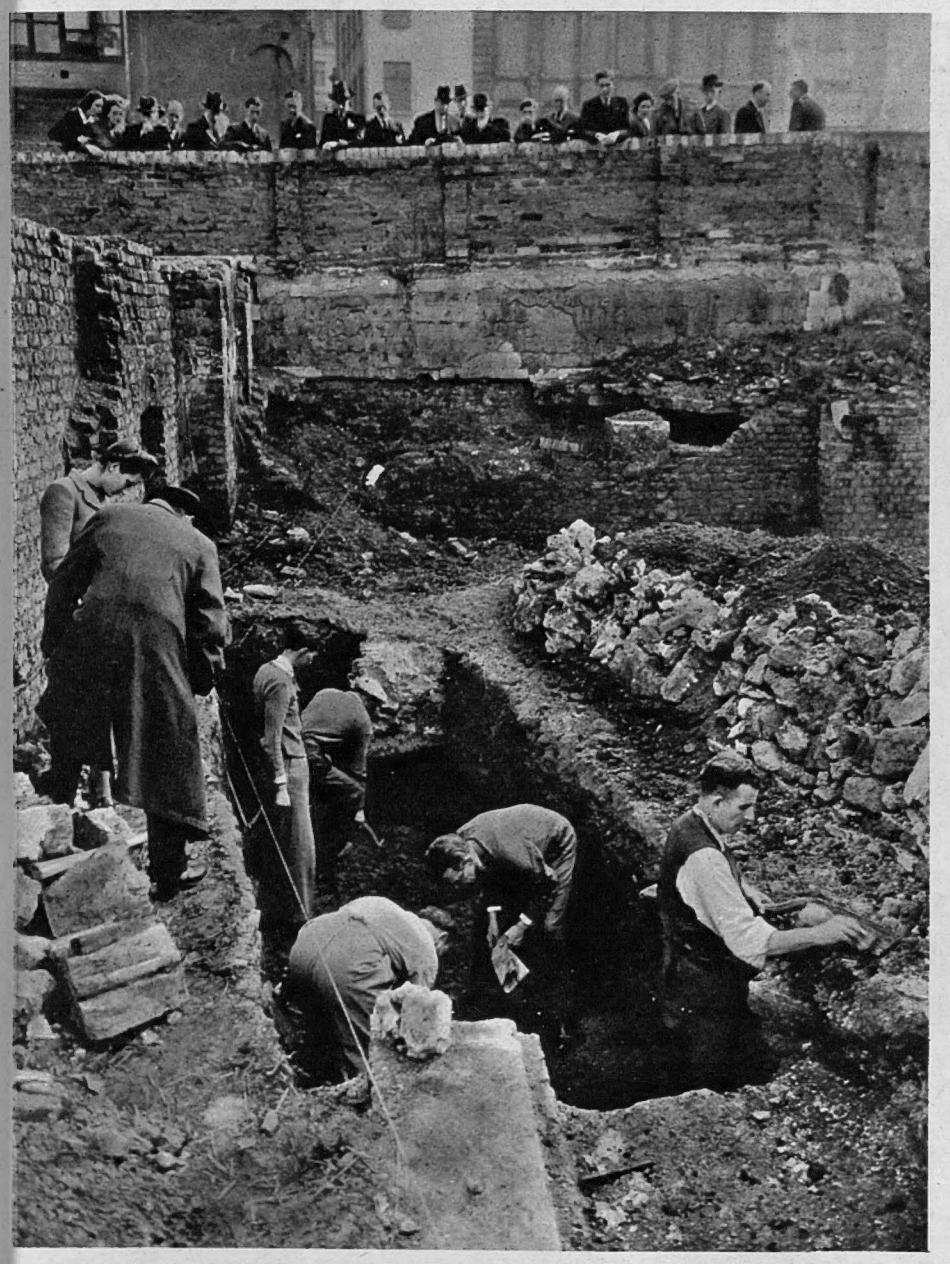
Now, Mr. Grimes, the Keeper of the London Museum, and Mr. Oswald, of the Guildhall Museum, are taking advantage of the situation, and, with the help of pick-and-shovel experts, and a number of volunteers, they are making a systematic investigation of four blitzed sites, the first of them being in Billiter Avenue near Leadenhall Street, and near the site of what was once the Roman Forum. At the time of writing, the work has only just got going, but already a few finds have been made, mostly belonging to the second century A.D.

When this Leadenhall Street site has been thoroughly searched, Mr. Grimes hopes to investigate others, notably on Ludgate Hill, where the old Roman wall may be traced, and in Walbrook. After the fashion of all Roman towns, the city straggled beyond the fortifications, and it was comparatively easy for Boadicea to sack and destroy it in A.D. 61, especially as its defender, Suetonius, was in Wales on an expedition. Rebuilt by the Romans, the second city was about the size and shape of Hyde Park

WHERE THE SEARCH FOR ROMAN LONDON GOES ON : Amid these blitzed buildings off Leadenhall Street, Mr. W. F. Grimes, Keeper of the London Museum, and a band of workers have been daily finding remains of the second century A.D., when London was a growing Roman settlement. But for the blitz, which has laid bare such vast areas of central London, this research would be impossible, and Mr. Grimes is making excellent use of his unique opportunity



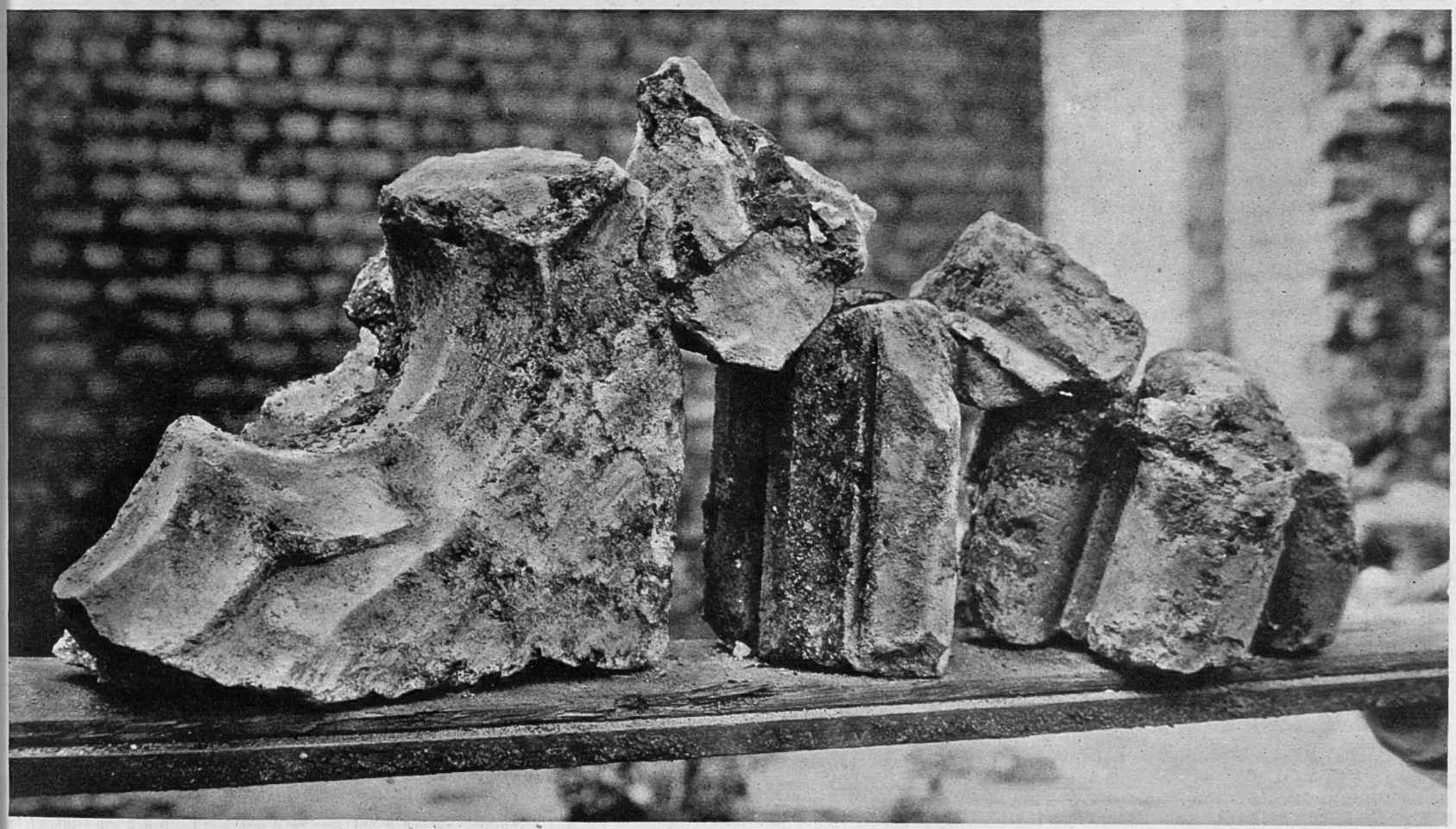
THEY SEEK A CITY AMID THE RUINS OF LEADENHALL STREET : ***Left***—A general view taken on the blitzed site where Mr. W. F. Grimes, of the London Museum, and his fellow-workers have begun excavating for relics of the Roman city. ***Right***—Two of Mr. Grimes' workmen opening up a trench. Already fragments of Roman and Medieval pottery have been found, the Roman finds belonging to the second century A.D., fifty or sixty years after Queen Boadicea had destroyed the first Roman settlement. Of the streets of Roman London but little is known, for in the past excavation work has been, of necessity, of a most spasmodic character. It is known, however, that Leadenhall Street is near the site of the Roman market



THERE ARE PLENTY OF HELPERS; AND PLENTY OF ONLOOKERS TOO: City folk looking on as Mr. Grimes' excavation party works on the Leadenhall Street site. Labour on the job is plentiful, as in addition to the skilled archæologists and the skilled men with pick and shovel, a whole host of volunteers have offered their services. Mr. Grimes has been inundated with letters at the London Museum

A STUDY IN ANTICIPATION: Mr. Oswald, of the Guildhall Museum, and Mr. Grimes, Keeper of the London Museum, are seen making a find during excavation work on the first of the bombed sites which they are investigating for Roman remains. Among the first discoveries were oyster-shells and scraps of pottery

WAITING FOR NEWS FROM THE PAST: Two young women reporters seen during a visit to the excavations, when they examined pottery and other objects already retrieved. Most of the initial finds belonged to the second century A.D., but Mr. Grimes has been hoping to discover relics of the first Roman settlement



ONE OF THE FIRST DISCOVERIES ON THE LEADENHALL SITE—PART OF THE 2-FT.-WIDE WALL OF A MEDIEVAL HOUSE MADE FROM CARVED STONE: Some of the carved fragments displayed at the excavations before being taken away for further examination. Since this wall was unearthed there has been a steady flow of finds, though in the first ten days none were of a particularly spectacular nature. The object of the work, however, is not so much to make individual discoveries as to build up a picture of London as it was in Roman days, the opportunity for doing which would never have occurred but for the blitz. At present our knowledge of this period is patchy

NAZIS ARE STILL ON THE RUN

But on the Whole the Round-up by the Allies in Europe has Been Surprisingly Complete

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Should the already-dating Nazism and Fascism of Hitler and Mussolini ever contrive to make a come-back, or to break surface again with any force, it will hardly be possible to attribute the cause to ill-success in rounding-up the ringleaders of war and pre-war. When you cast back to the frequent forebodings that pictured these men as escaping to various parts of the world, you will probably agree that, one way or the other—good work, luck, yellowness—the clean-up has been unexpectedly comprehensive.

A recent crop of arrests and executions bears added witness. Of these, the term put to Axmann, Hitler Youth Leader, had most dependent on it. I had long wondered where this fellow might be, and why he was never mentioned, but forbore to state a case because the one time I did so—wondering on the air where might be Ernst Bohle, head of the "Germans Abroad" organisation—U.S. Radio Luxembourg promptly replied: "Bohle is under Allied arrest." No announcement had been made to that effect; such being sometimes the way of Intelligence.

Nobody actively on the job will suppose, however, that Axmann has not left trained young apostles better suited than himself to a rebirth of Hitler's cult under another form, and I have particularly in mind the bright lads I watched at a *Führer-prinzip* training college (more like a monastery of athletes) near Aachen, in 1937. Several hundreds, they were sworn, *élite* members of the Castle system deriving from the Teutonic Knights, or so Hitler imagined it.

Draga Mihailovich is another who could have "started things," thanks to devious sympathies on the highways and by-ways. The best he can hope for is swift execution at the hands of Tito; though he is unlikely to get it, if the case of Milan Neditch be any criterion. Yugoslavia's Quisling Prime Minister was kept many months before the familiar announcement appeared to the effect that he had broken away from a sentry and jumped through a third-floor window to the street. One knows what this signifies. Resistance leaders were driven to do the like by long-drawn-out "tell us more" torture.

Long delayed by Franco was the surrender to the Allies of Hans Thomsen, the glib, blond and truculent Nazi leader who lorded it over the German colony in Spain. After the fall of Germany Thomsen continued to swagger round Madrid and to direct the expatriate Resistance movement of Nazis in Spain, with its tentacles reaching to South America. Equally interesting was the arrest at long last of Baudouin, Pétain's evil genius. Sought for eighteen months, he was in a wood on the Basque frontier.

As for latest executions, they have removed from the scene—an Austrian Quisling Premier, Bartholdy, and two Hungarians of like political destiny, Szalasi and Imredy.

Scanning the horizon near and far as the first anniversary of Atomic Peace draws nigh, the eye alights on a small and select band that has so far got away with it. People dislike American slang, but how better can one put it? I count up to nineteen or twenty cases, but by no means all can be said to be "on the run," which is a description originating in the nobility of a Michael Collins, whose bearing was very different to that of several I shall mention. Some are being protected, while others are lying low, with or without camouflage.

A peach of a solution was conceived by De Vecchi, last of the Quadrumvirs of the March on Rome. He has become a monk. He would have been very much subject to arrest for his outstanding Fascist activities—yet how can one follow up a man who, in the maturity of wisdom, takes full vows, forswearing the world for the seclusion of a Tuscan monastery?

Three other leading Fascists "of the first hour" (or thereabouts) remain at large. So far as I know, nothing has been heard of Alfieri, who used to be Minister of Culture and Enlightenment and finished as Ambassador in Berlin—or rather, finished by escaping to Switzerland. Dino Grandi, without a beard, lives in retirement in a Lisbon suburb.

And then there 's Scorza, a real tough guy and the kind who could carry on the Duce's legend, which is not dead, no matter how ignominious its prototype's end. Scorza was a red-hot Secretary of the Fascist Party, and he took Graziani's place as head of the North Italy Fascist-Nazi underground. Arrested late last year, he has slipped through the fingers of the Milan police disguised as a Jesuit priest. Over to Switzerland, whence, it is averred, he set out to make his way by air to Argentine.

Perhaps the most blatant refusal to yield up a traitor concerns the continued sojourn in Spain of the former Belgian Rexist leader, Léon Degrelle. The last heard of him he was lolling at Santander, the while his case was being further examined from the juridical standpoint. No doubt the reckoning is that dynastic worries in Belgium, with their authoritarian bent, may play in favour of plump, haranguing, go-getter Léon, who proved himself one of the most self-abasing zealots Hitler ever had.

There seems to be three left of the senior Vichy crowd who feel it healthier to keep at a distance from the banks of the Seine. Georges Bonnet, Foreign Minister of Munich and of precipitate armistice, has to pig it at Lausanne, where Madame may or may not stun the Beau Rivage as she once hit the Savoy as yet another "best-dressed woman in Europe." General Noguès, who upheld Pétainism longer than any other North African personage, and was the primary cause of General Patton's Casablanca landing casualties being as high as they were, stopped short in Portugal on his way back to France, as did former Governor-General Clavel, of Algeria, who did his best to transfer Vichy submission to Hitler, to that Possession. Yet it is doubtful if either would get much more than the temporary confinement which a Weygand and a Flandin are undergoing at Val-de-Grâce Hospital and in Fresnes Prison respectively, Major French purgings are fast drawing to their close.

Far the most interesting case of French survival "on the run" is that of Marcel Déat, and because it sounds so incredible, I give the text of the only reference yet made to him in English: "There remains Marcel Déat, former editor of *Œuvre*, who is still in hiding in the Gironde. It is probable he will remain free until the spring, because snow has closed in the châlet where he lives, guarded by armed militiamen." Well, spring is here, and if the above be true, it is high time some of my dear colleagues in Paris sent us a colourful account of the winter's siege.

Déat may be diminutive in size, but there is no gainsaying his capacity to keep things stirring underground. His office used to be in the next street to mine; we bought his stuff; and I recall his brilliance over the apéritif.

Writing with an eye to Intelligence, and therefore under correction, at least five Germans of No. 1 priority are still unaccounted for: Bormann, Schepmann, Pohl, Hanke and Manstein. Bormann, Deputy-Führer, was last seen in the Wilhelmstrasse in a tank, said to have blown up. In view of the fact that he held the reins of the Nazi Party and knew its ramifications and possibilities better than any other, it is rash to write Bormann off finally until final evidence is forthcoming. Schepmann, I 've all along linked with Axmann, in importance. He ran the Waffen S.S. under Himmler's embracing control of German affairs at the end, and it is from the ranks of those fanatical divisions that the occupying authorities should get the main trouble which may come to them in the next few years.

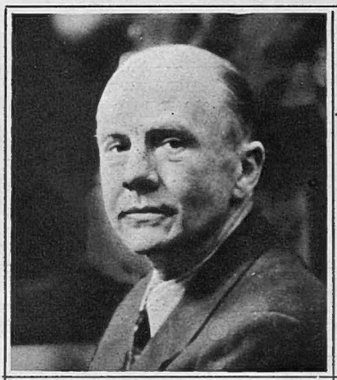
Lieut.-General Oswald Pohl is a much-wanted man, as head of the whole concentration-camp system; and S.S. Obergrüppenführer Karl Hanke, of Lower Silesia, is said to have been named by Hitler, in that doubtful will, as successor to Himmler. Von Manstein was one of five German Marshals listed some time ago as still being "on the run." But two were quickly accounted for: Brauchitsch and Model. The former is in some form of detention in the northern part of our zone, and evidence has mounted that Model finished with himself at the same time as his defence of the Ruhr fell through. I have related how Frau and Fräulein Model hold spiritualistic séances with him from the Godesberg region.

What a lucky old rascal is Miklos Horthy! He seems to be much more unsinkable than any navy he ever commanded. After being for nearly a generation the Regent of a Monarchless country, and towards the close turning at Hitler's command on his nearest neighbours—Poles, Czechs and Yugoslavs were all sufferers from Horthy—this willing tool of Nazi aggression is sitting pretty in the American zone, and I make no apology for the slang in this instance.

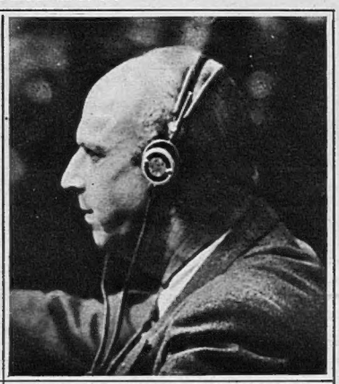
Tito claims Horthy, and it is failure to deliver such a one for trial that gives the general Communist upsurge some of its more justifiable ground for accusing others. Much on a par with Horthy's immunity goes the sojourn in South Africa of another former Regent, Prince Paul of Yugoslavia. This man, whose actions in 1941 and before left no doubt as to which way he was trying to take Yugoslavia, is also claimed by Marshal Tito's Government. If he really did help the Allies by telling of Hitler's projected attack on Russia, why not say so? At least it would lessen feelings in some degree.

And so to a brace of the Middle East: the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, and Rashid Ali el Gailani. The former has been in French hands in the Lebanon, and at points nearer Paris. A staunch collaborator with Hitler, and traveller to Berlin, the Mufti will doubtless benefit by the change-over in Asia Minor. Rashid is under the protection of King Ibn Saud, who says with great emphasis that he will do nothing that might touch his honour, but is ready to submit to judgment whether any treaty exists calling on him to surrender Rashid.

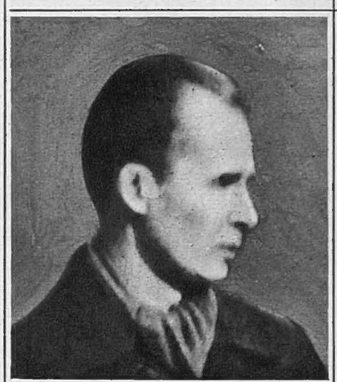
THE SMALLER FRY IN GERMANY



THE UBIQUITOUS DR. PAUL SCHMIDT: Ever on hand to interpret for Hitler before and during the war, Schmidt appeared in the dock at Nuremberg and unwittingly damaged Ribbentrop's case



ADOLF STEENGRACHT ALSO SPOKE FOR RIBBENTROP: This ex-Foreign Office Secretary has also been in the witness-box at Nuremberg, but his testimony crumbled under relentless cross-examination



HITLER'S ADJUTANT: Nicolas von Bulow was one of the last Germans to see the Führer before he took poison. Von Bulow was recently arrested by Field Security troops near Bonn. He will be tried

GOERING'S ADJUTANT: Lieut.-General Karl Bodenschatz in the witness stand at Nuremberg. He indicated in his evidence that Goering began to lose his personal influence with Hitler as early as 1943

GOEBBELS' PERSONAL SECRETARY: Frau Inze Haberzettel, who may throw new light on the last days of Hitler and on his mysterious marriage

LITTLE HERMANN: Heinrich Goering, nephew of the Reichsmarshal, who escaped from a convoy of prisoners, but was recaptured near Prague

RIBBENTROP'S SECRETARY: Fräulein Blank, giving evidence at Nuremberg. The downcast Ribbentrop brightened up when she entered the court

TITO and MIHAILOVITCH

The Capture of the Former Chetnik Leader in the Balkans

A PRISONER OF TITO: General Draga Mihailovitch. The former Yugoslav Minister of War and guerilla leader, as he appeared after his recent capture by Yugoslavian Security Police. It was at once announced that he would stand his trial for collaboration with the Germans

At the moment, the true story of General Mihailovitch, former Yugoslav Minister of War and Chetnik leader, remains a Balkan mystery, and how much will be revealed by his trial is doubtful. It is known, however, that Mihailovitch, after being hunted for months by Marshal Tito's Security Police, was recently tracked down to an old forge, where he stayed with only eleven of his remaining followers. On March 13 he was arrested and taken to Belgrade to await trial. During the early years of the war, when Mihailovitch's Chetniks fought the Germans in the hills of Yugoslavia, the former War Minister was regarded as an Allied hero. Suddenly, however, it was announced that he was collaborating with the enemy, and Britain at once transferred her support to Marshal Tito, his rival as a guerilla leader. Subsequently, frequent clashes were reported between the Chetniks and Tito's men; but the belief persists in many quarters that both leaders were anti-German and the real difference between them lies in the fact that Tito is a Republican and Mihailovitch a Monarchist. America has asked to be represented at the trial

GENERAL MIHAILOVITCH IN HIS PRISON CELL: The Chetnik leader manacled after he had fallen into the hands of his rival, Marshal Tito. Mihailovitch, whose guerillas were the first to fight behind the German lines in Yugoslavia, received the support of the Allies until it was rumoured that he was collaborating secretly with the Germans

PROBLEM—WHAT TO DO WITH THEM? Chetniks and Royalists in exile in Italy. Followers of General Mihailovitch and King Peter taking part in Slav folk-dances at their camp at Salerno, where 20,000 of them are at present living under canvas. What their future will be nobody knows, but they steadfastly refuse to return to Yugoslavia

***On left*—The existence of the Yugoslavian camp near Salerno brings into the limelight the whole tragic question of Yugoslavia's divided loyalties. There are 20,000 ex-Chetnik guerilla fighters and Royalists at the camp, and they are at present being fed and clothed by the Allied Commission. The Royalists have been offered the opportunity of returning to the new Republic of Yugoslavia, but very few are willing to make the journey, fearing, no doubt, that they will be held to account for their support of King Peter. Those who fought under General Mihailovitch in the mountains of Yugoslavia are even more definite about the desirability of remaining abroad, as already numerous Chetniks have been tried and executed by the Republican Government of Yugoslavia for collaboration with the Germans. General Mihailovitch is about the last of the Chetniks to be captured**

A GREEK MONARCHIST: M. Dino Tsaldaris, leader of the Populist Party. He had a resounding victory at the polls in the recent elections, gaining a large volume of support from the country areas. In the new Government he is Foreign Minister

A YUGOSLAVIAN EXILE: General Svetomir Dukietch, who is acting C.O. of the camp at Salerno, where about 20,000 Yugoslavian Chetniks and supporters of the exiled King Peter are at present being clothed and fed by the Allied Commission

MARSHAL TITO PAYS A STATE VISIT TO PRAGUE: The Yugoslavian ruler received by Dr. Benes, the Czechoslovakian President, at the Castle of Hradcany. On his return from this friendly visit, during which the two statesmen exchanged views on the Middle European situation, Marshal Tito addressed a joint session of both Houses of the Yugoslav Parliament. He declared that the Republic's foreign policy is from now onwards based on the following principles: "To make every effort that Yugoslavia gets her rights and regains her rightful territories, including Istria, the Slovene Littoral and Slav Carinthia, and to improve political, cultural and economic relations with others, and in the first place with our Slav brother nations, first among which is the Soviet Union"

KEEPING A CHECK ON HAMBURG'S BLACK MARKET: Belgians attached to the British military police checking identity papers and searching suspects in the streets of the city. Since the imposition of the new ration scale in Germany, Black Market operations have increased markedly, and food "off the ration" is now selling at fantastic prices. Looting of food delivery vans and railway trucks has occurred on several occasions

SEARCHING A SUSPECT HOUSE IN HAMBURG: Belgians, w operate in conjunction with our own military police a with the German police, interrogating possible Black Marketee Since the increase in illicit trading, the police have instituted an elaborate system of patrols, frequently raiding cafés, restaurants and private houses. Owing to the shortage of food, many people are bringing out their valuables—spoils from the war years—to exchange for Black Market food at hitherto unheard-of prices. Police cars patrol the streets, keeping an eye open for the mobile street traders, while the German-speaking Belgians are of much assistance to the British military police in conducting effective interrogation. It is hoped that when the summer months arrive, and fruit and vegetables become plentiful, Black Market activities will dwindle

A FOREIGN SURVEY

Keeping a Check on Hamburg's Black Marketeers: The French Leave the Lebanon: Dr. Alekhine Dies at Estoril: Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Wilson Meet

H.M.S. "IMPLACABLE" PAYS A VISIT TO MELBOURNE: One of our foremost aircraft-carriers puts in at Port Phillip. Tugs assisting the great vessel into her berth. Towards the stern of the flight-deck can be seen some of the *Implacable's* aircraft. *Implacable* was begun just before the outbreak of war, being started at about the same time as her sister-ship, the *Indefatigable*, and both appeared on the scene in 1943 in time to render valued service

TO AID FRANCO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING: The children's corner of the United States International Bookshop, which has just been opened in Paris. About 3,500 books published during the war years are being displayed, and it is hoped that they will provide Parisians with an idea of American literature during a period when France was cut off from all contact with the culture of the Allies

A CARRIER OF BIG BURDENS: The Fairchild Cargo Plane which was used by the American forces during the war for carrying Paratroopers or heavy equipment, and is now being employed in the United States for the transport of mails. The Fairchild has an enormous cargo compartment, almost as large as a railway freight van and very similar in its proportions. It is specially equipped for the storage and sorting of mail in flight. The payload is approximately nine tons and it has a cruising speed of 200 m.p.h.

THE FRENCH WITHDRAWAL FROM THE LEBANON: General Monclar, Commander of the French forces in the Levant, greeting Colonel Lahoud, Commander in Beyrout, during a farewell parade to mark the departure of the first units. Under the recent Franco-British arrangement the French evacuation was not to be completed before April 1947. Now it is to be speeded up, and it is agreed that all units will be away by next August

THE PASSING OF A MASTER: Dr. Alekhine, twice world champion at chess, lying dead in his hotel room at Estoril, Portugal. It was at first thought that he had died from a heart attack, but it was afterwards discovered that death was caused through accidental choking. Alekhine was born in Moscow in 1892, and, like all great chess players, he early showed a talent for the game, being recognised as a master in 1909 at the St. Petersburg Tournament. Leaving Russia after the Revolution he made his home in Paris, and from 1921 he dominated the tournament arena. In 1927 he wrested the world title from Capablanca

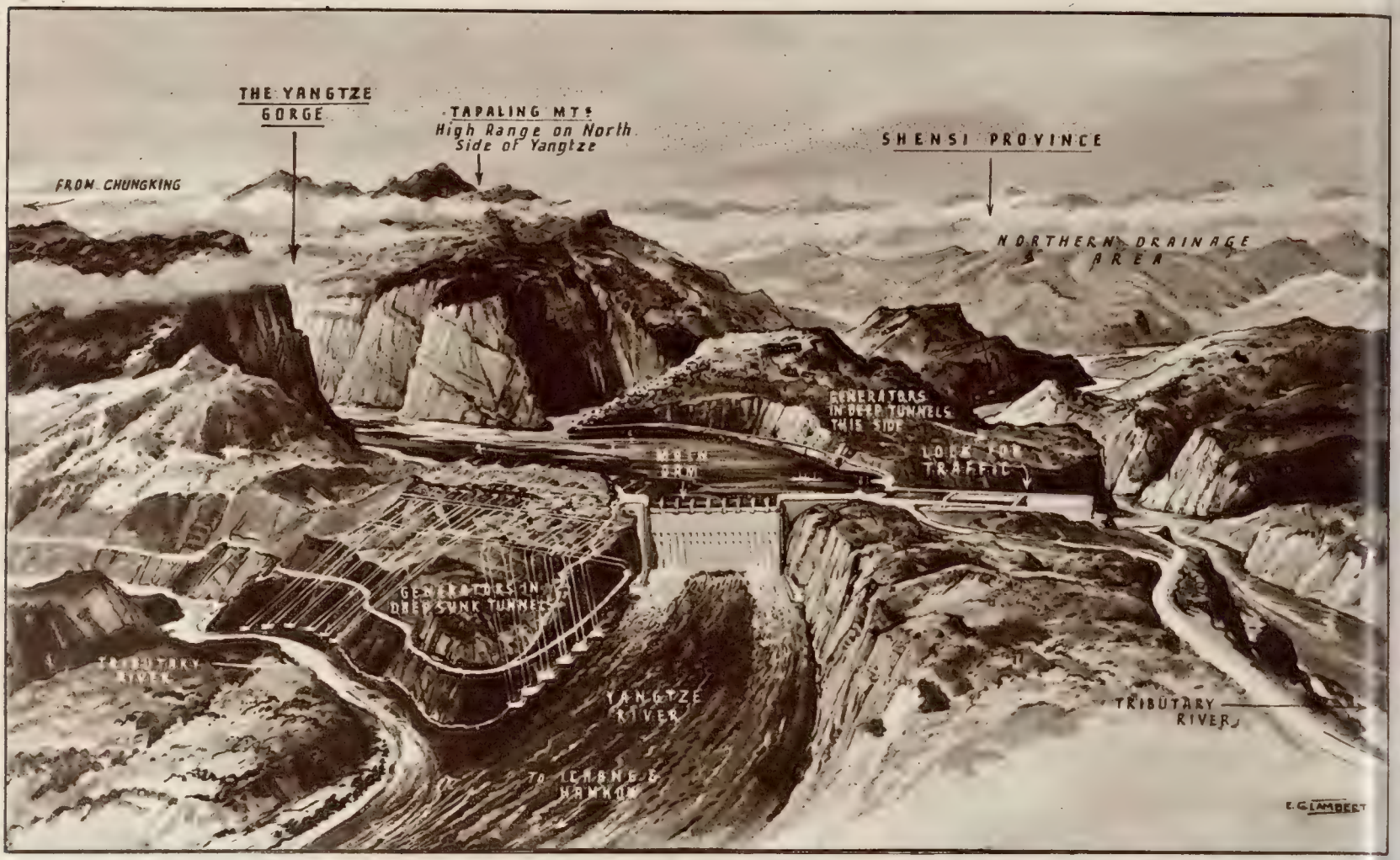
A RUSSIAN ON AN ESPIONAGE CHARGE IN AMERICA: The arrest of Lieutenant Nicolai Redin. The twenty-nine-year-old Soviet naval officer being taken in charge at Portland, Oregon, before being brought in front of a U.S. Commissioner and accused of obtaining secret information about an American naval vessel with intent to transmit the information to Russia. As he was unable to provide £5,000 bail he was kept in gaol

PERSIAN LEADERS IN CONSULTATION: Prime Minister Qavam es Sultani (right) and Prince Firouz, his Director-General of Propaganda, seen together in Teheran. Last week they had to deal with the situation arising from the rumour that Persia's representative before the Security Council of U.N.O. in New York had exceeded his instructions. Qavam at once sent a message to the Secretary-General stating that Hussein Ala had been, and continued to be, fully accredited and qualified to represent Persia in all matters coming before the Council

MARCHING ORDERS: Major Vishvarko (centre), a Russian liaison officer, with Captain Cumberledge and Commander Bitow of the United States Weather Reporting Station at Khabarovsk, Siberia. When this picture was taken relations were happy enough; but the Soviet Government has now ordered the removal of all U.S. weather stations in the region, despite an American request to continue the service. The stations were established in 1945 by the United States Navy to provide weather forecasts for forces operating in the Western Pacific. The Russians declare there is no further need for such stations

STUTTGART HAS AN UNDERGROUND HOTEL: A product of air-raid days which now serves a useful purpose in the blitzed city. Customers entering the so-called "Bunker Hotel," which was built as an air-raid shelter under the Market Square during the war years, and has now been converted to its present use, being equipped with ninety-six separate bedrooms. The rooms are all small, but they are comfortable, neatly furnished, and well ventilated. The total cost per day is only 4½ Reichsmarks, about 2/- at the present favourable rate of exchange. In addition, the hotel has a tea-room, a breakfast room and a number of modern bathrooms. It is reached by an unpretentious flight of steps, but the scene within has all the aspects of a modern hotel. News of the establishment has spread far and wide, and the proprietors, Herbert and Marianne Kresse, have no difficulty in filling all the rooms

FORMER FIRST LADIES OF THE LAND MEET: The wives of two great democrats at a Washington function. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, whose husband was American President in the first World War, and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt seen together at a dinner given recently in Washington by the Women's Joint Congressional Committee. Mrs. Roosevelt was the guest of honour. Mrs. Wilson was the second wife of Woodrow Wilson and nursed the President during the tragic closing years of his life, when he was smitten with paralysis



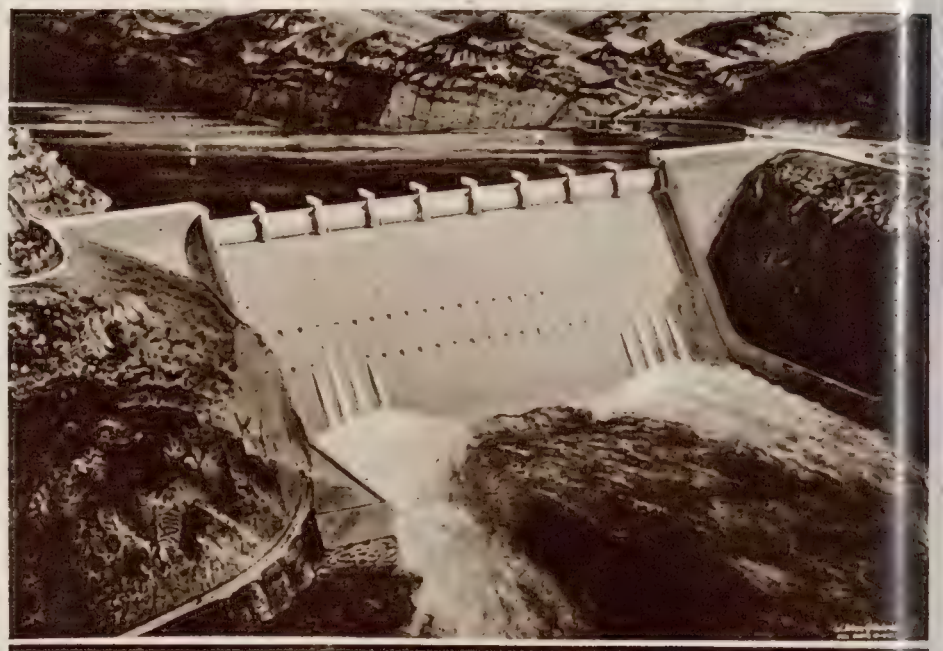
THE PROPOSED YANGTZE DAM—HOW THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT PLAN TO HARNESS THE WATERS OF THE GREAT RIVER: A diagrammatic sketch of the dam, which will be built with the aid of engineers of the United States Bureau of Reclamation, and will play a vital part in the future economy of the country—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

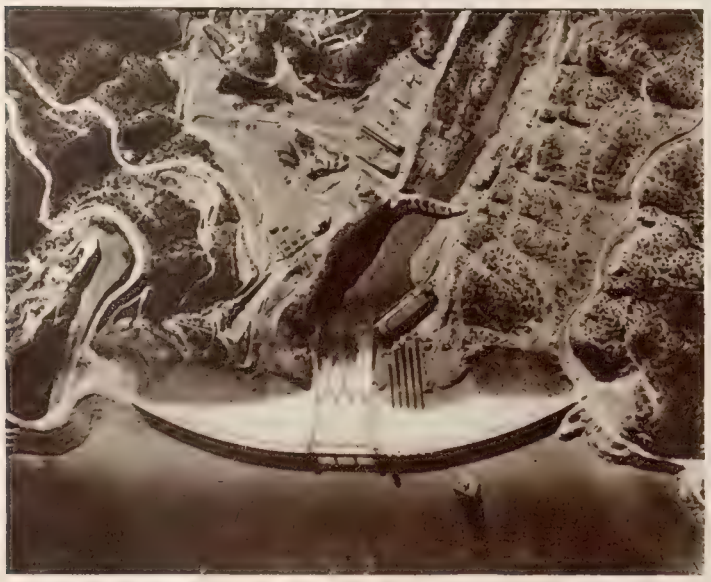
HARNESSING THE YANGTZE

The Chinese Government Plans a Giant Hydro-Electric Scheme: A New Dam in the United States

In the last twenty years engineers have gained vast experience in the building of great dams, and now the vital knowledge gained at Great Boulder on the Colorado and at Grand Coulee will be employed by the United States Bureau of Reclamation in assisting the Government of China in planning and completing the harnessing of the Yangtze. This is without doubt the largest irrigation and hydro-electric scheme that has ever been projected in any country in the world, and it is designed to revitalise the hunger-ridden and flood-menaced Valley of the Yangtze, bringing improved conditions to many millions of Chinese and creating power for the industrialisation of China.

The Yangtze dam will be built in the river gorges above Ichang and about 300 miles east of the wartime capital of Chungking. It will have many unusual features, not the least of which will be the method of handling ships using the traffic lock by-passing the dam. It is proposed that these shall be lifted to the higher level by gantries, being raised a total height of 550 ft. Engineers have pointed out, however, that this scheme would only be practicable if the ships were provided with reinforced hulls.





THE INAUGURATION OF THE SHASTA DAM: A dramatic aerial view taken at Redding, California, as water from the Sacramento, McCloud and Pit Rivers poured into the reservoir behind the new dam. The picture shows the long, gracefully curving wall of the dam, along the top of which runs a main motor highway, and in the centre is the spillway for the regular overflow. At the foot of the dam is the power-house

A MIGHTY PLAN IN THE MAKING: Two diagrammatic drawings of the Chinese Government's scheme for a dam on the Yangtze River. The top picture shows the vast dam wall itself, which would be a third larger than the celebrated Grand Coulee Dam in the United States. The lower picture shows the system by which it is proposed that cargo ships be lifted through the lock by-passing the dam area. The vessels would be picked up by mammoth gantry cranes and raised or lowered 550 ft.

THE EXILES OF BIKINI

The Islanders are Evacuated to Rongerik in Preparation for the Forthcoming Atom Bomb Tests

THE TARGET SHIPS ASSEMBLE AT PEARL HARBOUR : Vessels, which will form part of the "guinea-pig" fleet in the coming atom bomb tests, gathered together at America's mid-Pacific base before leaving for Bikini Atoll, where the tests will take place, probably in June

A LAST LOOK ON A HALLOWED SPOT : Young natives of Bikini seated beside one of the graves in the island cemetery on the palm-fringed shore of the atoll, which they have now evacuated in view of the forthcoming atomic tests. The people of Bikini are Christians, their faith having come to them by way of New England Protestant missionaries, and they have their own native pastor

THE ARRIVAL AT RONGERIK : Natives of Bikini landing from an American military transport at their new island home, having been evacuated from their own atoll. The Bikineans appeared to accept their transfer with every sign of good will, and the United States Navy has seen to it that they are well looked after

MAIDS OF BIKINI : Native girls dressed in their Sunday best while listening to their pastor during the last Church service held at Bikini before the people were evacuated to Rongerik Atoll. Rongerik lies 109 miles away from Bikini, and the U.S. Navy has seen to it that the islanders have been adequately accommodated

The war created many millions of Displaced Persons, and it is strange to reflect that the process still goes on. With the approach of the atom bomb tests, the American Navy has evacuated from Bikini Island the entire native people, taking the population to Rongerik Island, which lies 109 miles distant and is also in the Marshall Group, having a similar climate and offering similar conditions of living.

The evacuation of the Bikineans took place in mid-March, as it was then expected that the tests at Bikini would take place on May 1, and it appears that the whole operation was carried through without trouble, the natives indeed showing a cheerful acceptance of the position and being grateful for the kindness shown to them by the American Navy. The Bikineans are for the most part practising Christians, having come under the influence of New England Protestant missionaries. They are a sturdy, well-grown people. Their hair is of a dark-brown colour and is not woolly, but straight and long. They are expert navigators and construct their craft from the bread-fruit tree.

GOOD-BYE TO BIKINI'S PALM-FRINGED SHORES : Natives on their way down to the waiting American transport carrying on their heads and shoulders their few possessions. A scene before the departure from Bikini, which the islanders evacuated in mid-March, as it was expected that the atom bomb tests would take place on May 1. The tests have now been postponed, possibly for international reasons. The transfer to Rongerik was accomplished with little difficulty, and the Bikineans found homes awaiting them and a plentiful supply of the necessities of life

H.M.S. "NELSON" ON HER LAST TRIP—THE FLAGSHIP OF BRITAIN'S HOME FLEET LEADING THE SPRING CRUISE TO THE MEDITERRANEAN: The famous battleship is shortly to be retired from active service after serving the British Navy for nearly twenty years. During the spring cruise in the Mediterranean she wore the flag of Admiral Sir Neville Syfret. When the *Nelson* retires it is understood that Sir Neville will transfer to the *King George V*. The *Nelson* may serve for a period as a training ship before being scrapped—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

"NELSON" AND "RODNEY" RETIRE

And Other News of Naval and Mercantile Interest

Mindful of the new situation in world warfare that has arisen since the atomic bombs were dropped upon Japan, the Admiralty has hastened to announce the scrapping of many of our older warships. The *Warspite* was one of the first to receive sentence, and now the news has come that the twin battleships *Rodney* and *Nelson* are to be scrapped. *Nelson*, at present the flagship of the Home Fleet, flying the flag of Admiral Syfret, led the recent spring cruise to the Mediterranean, and it is possible that she may serve for a period as a training ship before being sent to the shipbreaker's yard.

H.M.S. *Rodney*, sister-ship of the *Nelson*, is also due to be scrapped, and it appears that she now leaks so badly that she can no longer be considered fit for sea. During the war *Rodney* put in a long period of gruelling service, resulting in much wear and tear of her structure, and to put her into full and economic repair at this juncture would be so formidable a task as to be uneconomic, even if it were fully successful.

THE "RODNEY" IS ALSO TO BE SCRAPPED: An impression of the sister-ship of H.M.S. "Nelson" travelling at speed on wartime duty. During the war the *Rodney* saw long spells of gruelling service, and hard wear and tear rather than enemy action are really responsible for her present condition. It is said that she now leaks very badly; so badly, indeed, that she can no longer be considered fit for sea—*Drawing by R. Johnston*

A HOLIDAY DISASTER AT LISBON: Visitors to H.M.S. "Nelson" are involved in a tragedy. A dramatic picture taken as rescue work proceeded after a pier had cracked beneath the weight of some hundreds of Portuguese waiting to go aboard the British flagship during her spring cruise visit to the Tagus. Dozens of people were flung on to a quay from the pier, one man being crushed to death and fifty-six injured. As the pier began to give way it seems that a number of people panicked, and this tended to accentuate the trouble

H.M.S. "NELSON" IN THE TAGUS: The flagship of the Home Fleet seen during her visit to Lisbon, when Admiral Syfret, his staff and the commanders of the visiting warships were entertained by the Portuguese Government. There was also a banquet at the British Embassy, at which President Carmona and Premier Salazar were the official guests. During the stay in Lisbon members of the Home Fleet received a great reception from the Portuguese, and Lisbon shopkeepers are reported to have benefited considerably

"CARNARVON CASTLE" SAILS FROM TABLE BAY WITH 850 WOMEN AND 300 CHILDREN: The Union Castle liner homeward bound for Britain with a large complement of passengers. On this latest voyage there were only 100 males on board, a high priority being accorded to women joining their husbands in Britain. The Union Castle company is now engaged in reorganising its express service to and from the Cape, replacing the vessels lost during the war years. Only recently the keel of a new express liner was laid at Belfast

THREE SWANS, A BOATMAN, AND THE WORLD'S LARGEST LINER: The "Queen Elizabeth" leaving Southampton for the Clyde to complete her reconversion from a troop transport to a passenger liner. During the war the *Queen Elizabeth* carried many thousands of passengers to theatres of war throughout the world, her speed enabling her to travel without escort and to evade the submarines lying in wait for the slower convoys. She often carried as many as 10,000 men, the troops using the berths in shifts

ASSIGNED TO DUTY IN THE ATLANTIC—AMERICA'S LATEST AND GREATEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, THE "FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT": The 45,000-ton floating fortress and flying field, with her flight-deck thronged with fighting planes

The *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, the largest and most modern carrier in the American Navy, has recently completed a shake-down cruise to South America. and she has now been assigned to duty in the North Atlantic waters. The *Franklin D. Roosevelt* belongs to a special class designed to take both fighters and bombers, and she represents a notable increase in size and performance over the Essex-class carriers, such as the *Lexington* and *Yorktown*, which did such fine service in many of the Pacific battles. America now regards the aircraft-carrier as the spearhead of the Fleet, and the battleship operates in a subsidiary role. After the forthcoming atom-bomb tests, ideas on warship construction will doubtless be modified further

AMERICA PAYS TRIBUTE—THE "MISSOURI" ARRIVES AT ISTANBUL BEARING THE REMAINS OF THE LATE TURKISH AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES: The 45,000-ton battleship reaches the Golden Horn with her escorting destroyers—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The United States battleship *Missouri*, in which the terms of the Japanese surrender were signed, left New York on March 21 *en route* for Istanbul, and carrying on board the remains of the late Turkish Ambassador, Ador Mehmet Munir Ertegun, which have lain in America since his death in 1944. On arrival at Gibraltar, Admiral Hewitt, who commands the American squadron based on Portsmouth, transferred his flag from the *Helena* to the *Missouri*, and the *Missouri* then continued her journey to Turkey. The battleship's voyage has aroused speculation, as it was announced at a time of mounting international tension, but a spokesman of the U.S. Navy Department made it clear that there were no political implications

SECRETS OF THE SUPER-FORTRESS REVEALED

The Day-bomber which Served with Such Distinction in the War and which Is Now Once Again in the Forefront of the Flying News

The part played by the Boeing B-29 Super-Fortress in the closing stages of the war is one that our own Royal Air Force has readily acknowledged, and there is no doubt that this great machine was a war-winning weapon of the highest order.

With hostilities long since over, however, the Super-Fortress is still in the news. Only recently one of them established an altitude endurance record for heavier-than-air craft by staying 3 hours 38 minutes above 40,000 ft. during tests, while three others, crammed with new navigational equipment, have been assembled at Edmonton, Alberta, for a projected flight over the North Pole. On this polar expedition they are testing out the Loran device, which sends out radar beams in all directions and is claimed to tell navigators their precise latitude and longitude at any given moment.

In addition, a fleet of Super-Fortresses, the first ever to land in Britain, has arrived at Marham, Norfolk, prior to carrying out a series of test raids against the U-boat pens at Borkum.

In the accompanying drawing Mr. S. W. Clatworthy reveals some of the remarkable secrets of the Super-Fortress, particularly with regard to the operation of the pressurised cabins and of the automatic weapons, and in the following notes he further amplifies some of the hitherto little-known details.

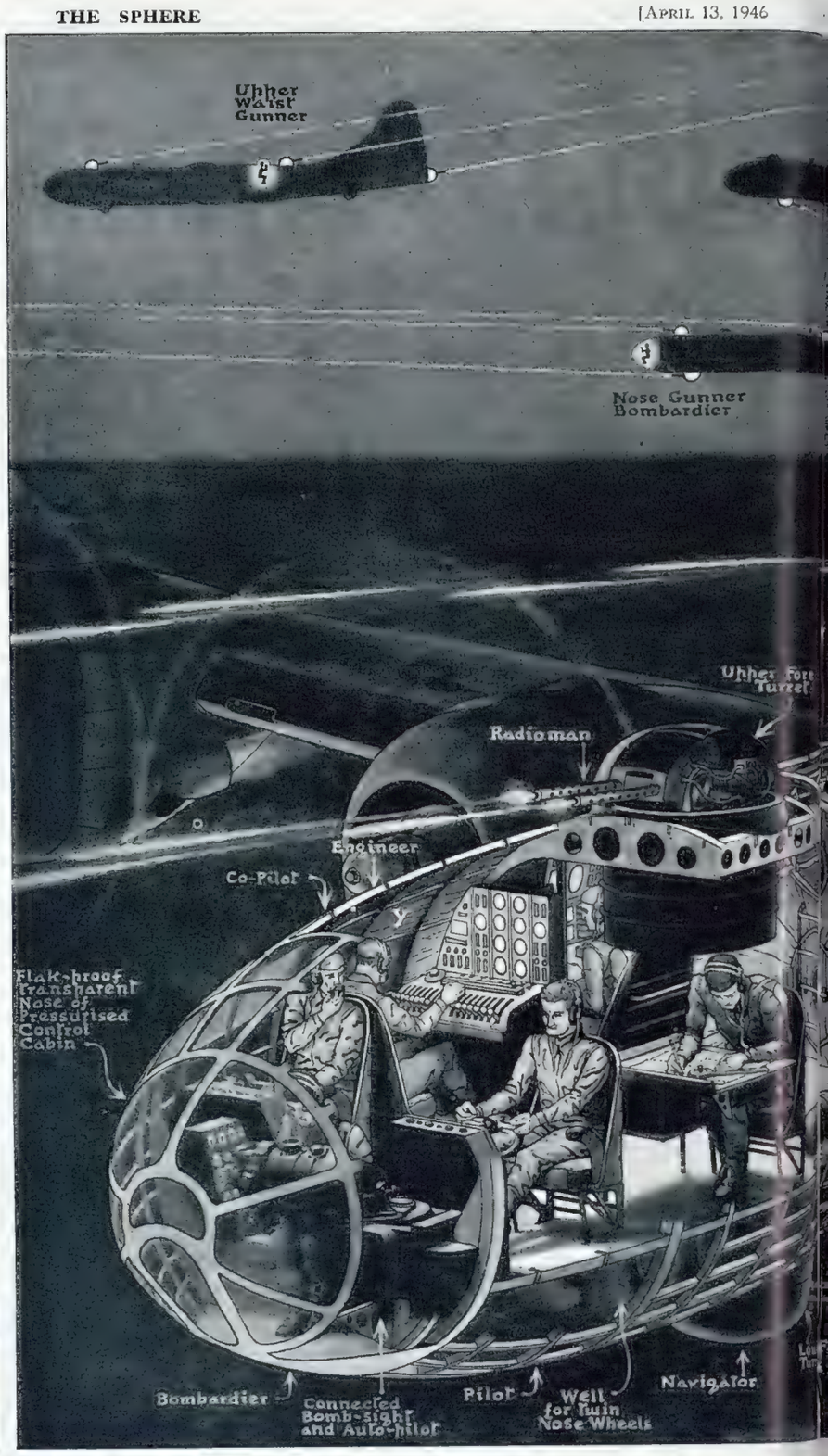
"The Super-Fortress," writes Mr. Clatworthy, "is the largest and fastest heavy bomber in service in the world. It has the longest range, carries the heaviest load, and is also the only one with pressurised equipment, being thus enabled to operate in the sub-stratosphere, with true heavy bomber technique.

"In this diagram the non-pressurised portions are shown only in lowered tones. Up to 10,000 ft. normal conditions obtain; but from thereon upwards all the occupied portions are sealed, and the open-air pressure encountered at 10,000 ft. is maintained constant within them by using the engine superchargers as blowers in addition to their normal action. At 35,000 ft. the difference between internal and external pressure amounts to almost 7 lb. per square inch. The usual oxygen equipment is provided, but it is, of course, not used, and thus does not cumber the crew when the cabins are pressurised.

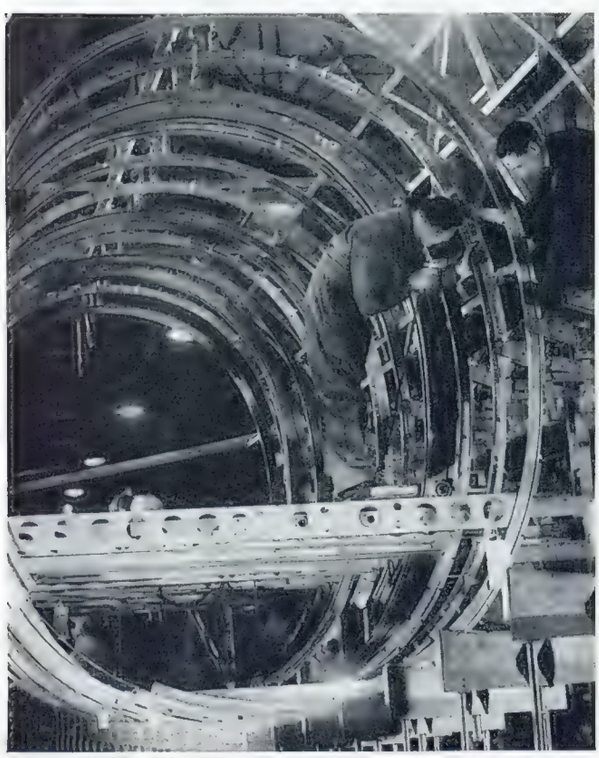
"Finally, the armament provides another outstanding and unequalled feature. There are ten long-range ½-inch machine-guns ranged in pairs in five turrets. This is a heavy armament in itself, but it is the manner of their installation which is so noteworthy, at least doubling their effective power.

"They are all remotely controlled and may be fired separately, alternately, or in any possible combination from five different sighting positions. The inset shows three of the most useful combinations which occur, and the respective gunner in charge. Some combinations of four are possible, and even one of all five if the target be dead in the beam. No guns need be idle because their nearest gunner—as the bombardier—is otherwise engaged, or incapacitated from wounds.

"The turrets can be positioned to secure the best fields of fire, and as there is no gunner inside them, they are shallower than usual. The gunners are on turntable seats which rotate in unison with the guns, and with them go their computing gyro-sights."

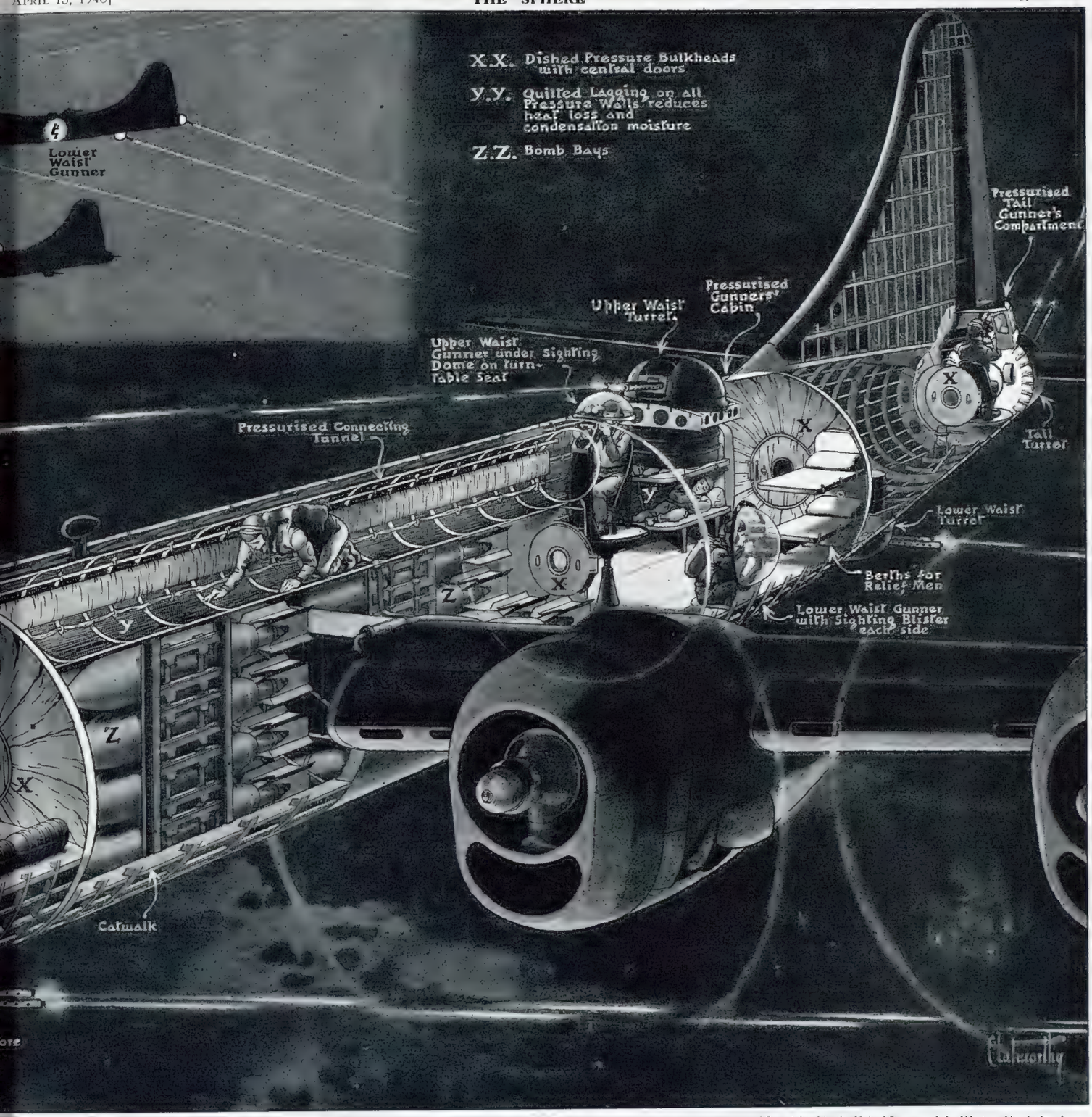


WONDERS OF THE BOEING SUPER-FORTRESS—A DIAGRAMMATIC IMPRESSION OF THE CELEBRATED pressurised equipment enabling the machine to operate in the stratosphere, flying for long remotely controlled and can be fired separately, alternately, or in any combination from



TO OPERATE ON OUR CONTINENTAL ROUTES: At work on the fuselage of a twin-engined, twenty-one passenger Vickers Viking, which is now in large-scale production to fill the urgent need that has arisen for a medium-sized passenger-carrying aircraft for operation in Europe

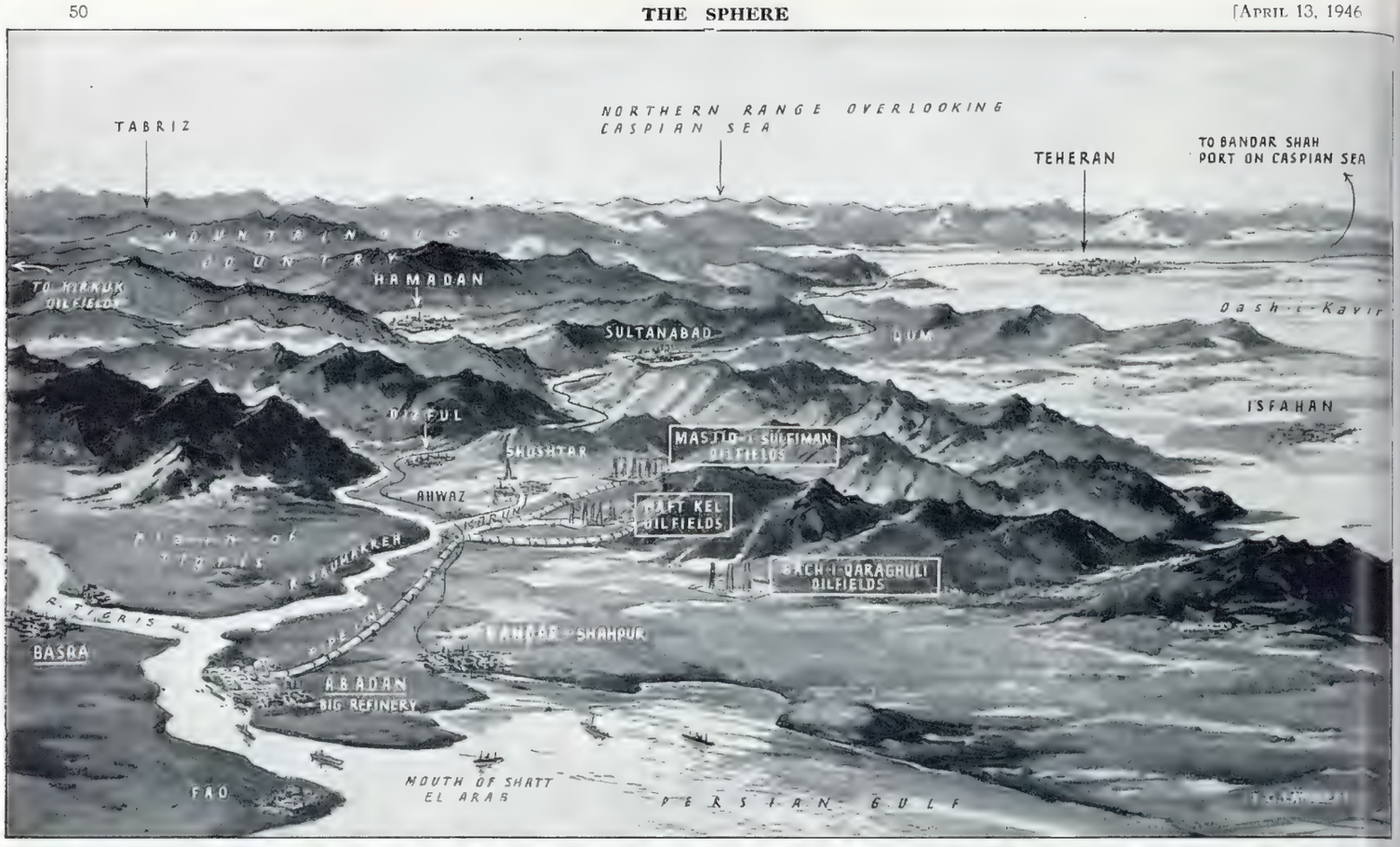
***On right*—A VICKERS VIKING TAKES SHAPE: A head-on view of one of Britain's new air-liners specially built to operate on our Continental routes.** The Viking, which seats twenty-one passengers and has a cruising speed of 220 m.p.h., underwent its trials last June and was revealed as the ideal type of medium-sized passenger-carrying aircraft for developing the European services. During the next few months 108 of these will be coming off the production lines at Vickers. The fuselage space below the floor, running the entire length of the saloon, provides a commodious hold for the carriage of freight, and the picture shows the various doors which allow access to this freight space. Special attention has been paid to sound-proofing the Viking, and although there will be a double row of windows along each side of the fuselage, passengers will not be troubled by vibration, a frequent fault in many air-liners of the pre-war period



(Copyrighted in the United States and the Western Hemisphere)

ERICAN BOMBER SHOWING DETAILS OF HER DESIGN AND OPERATION WHICH HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN REVEALED: The outstanding feature of the Super-Fortress is the ds at heights of over 40,000 ft. The pressurised portions are shown in lighter tones. Also of great interest are the long-range machine-guns, which can all be sighting positions. The inset shows some of the more useful combinations. In the occupied turrets the gunners are on turntable seats—*Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy*

On right—**FOR USE ON COMMONWEALTH AND SOUTH AMERICAN ROUTES: Britain's latest and largest air-liner, the Avro Tudor II.** This giant machine, which has twenty sleeping berths and can seat sixty passengers, has been designed by A. V. Roe, and eighty of them are being put into production at their Chadderton works near Manchester. The Avro Tudor II is typical of the intermediate stage in the development of our commercial aviation, representing a civil type based on original plans for combat aircraft. It is powered by four Rolls-Royce Merlin engines providing a top speed of 320 m.p.h. at 20,000 ft.



THE EYES OF THE WORLD ARE TURNED ON PERSIA : A diagrammatic impression of this key-country of the Middle East, where so much of an alarming political character has occurred of recent weeks. In South Persia, where the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company holds a concession over a large area, the towns of Abadan, with its refinery, and Bandar-i-Shahpur, the Persian Gulf port, are of special importance. The principal oilfields are at Masjid - i - Suleiman

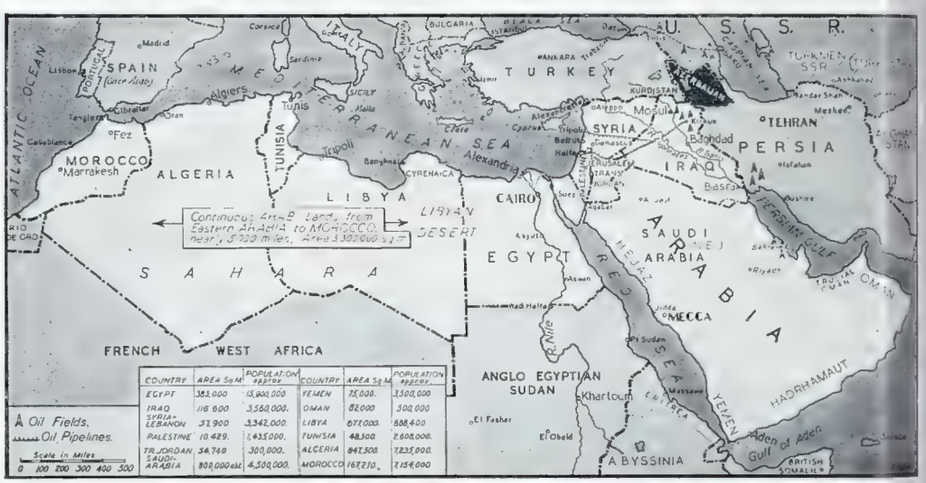
—Drawing by E. G. Lambert

PERSIAN OIL: A MAGNET in the MIDDLE EAST

Scenes in Modern Teheran—Russia Starts Withdrawal

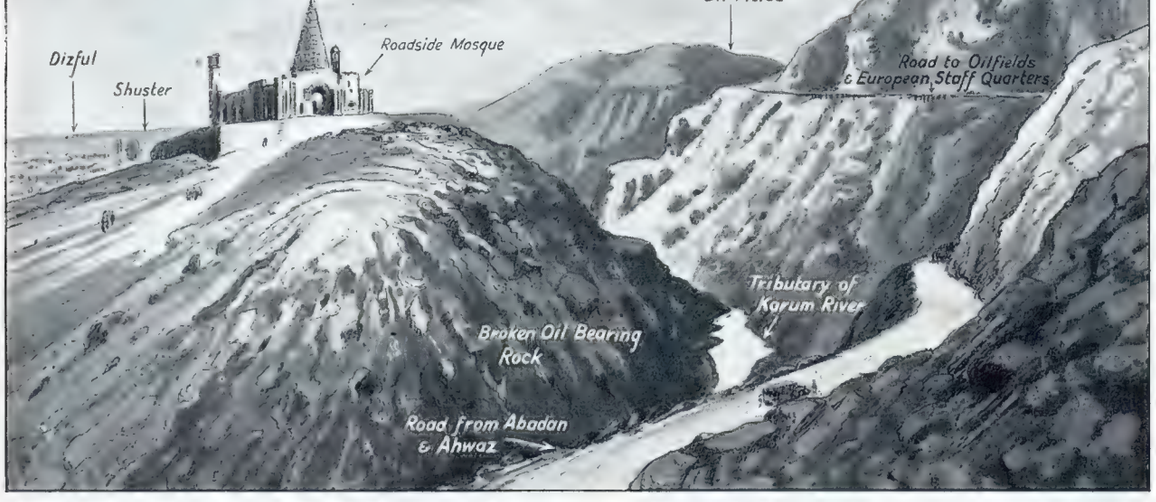
In his article on "Persia: the Cockpit of Europe," in THE SPHERE of April 6, Charles Graves emphasised the vital importance of Persia's oil production and its inevitable attraction for the larger world Powers. The principal oil concession was originally granted in 1901 to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, a United Kingdom concern with an authorised capital of £33,000,000. The Company's property, covering an area of 100,000 square miles, is in the southern part of Persia, and under the terms of the concession, which has been granted until 1993, the Company pays a royalty to the Persian Government on all oil sold in the country or exported. The Company has a refinery at Abadan, which is linked by pipe-line with the oilfields in the region of Masjid-i-Suleiman. During the war security clamped down on any references to the amount of oil extracted annually in Persia, but the annual cash value of oil exports before the war was known to be in excess of £20,000,000.

In the Russian sphere of influence in the North-West there are considerable quantities of oil, but no large oil-wells exist at the moment.



COUNTRY	AREA Sq.M.	POPULATION approx.	COUNTRY	AREA Sq.M.	POPULATION approx.
EGYPT	383,000	15,900,000	YEMEN	75,000.	3,500,000
IRAQ	116,600	3,560,000.	OMAN	82,000	500,000
SYRIA-LEBANON	57,900	3,342,000.	LIBYA	672,000.	888,400
PALESTINE	10,429.	1,435,000.	TUNISIA	48,300	2,608,000.
TR.JORDAN, SAUDI-ARABIA	34,740	300,000.	ALGERIA	847,500	7,235,000.
	800,000 abt.	4,500,000.	MOROCCO	167,210.	7,154,000

WHAT HAPPENS IN PERSIA WILL HAVE ITS REPERCUSSIONS THROUGHOUT THE MUSLIM WORLD : From Arabia to Morocco there is a continuous stretch of Arab lands, and educated Arab opinion in all these areas is fiercely in favour of Persia's independent stand. Any substantial change in Persia at this juncture would have a direct impact on all the Arab peoples, and it occasioned no surprise at the U.N.O. Security Council in New York when Egypt staunchly supported her Persian ally against the Russians



***On left*—IN THE AREA OF THE SOUTH PERSIAN OIL CONCESSION : A diagrammatic impression of the rocky nature of the road from the Persian Gulf ports to the oilfields of Masjid-i-Suleiman and Kaft Kel, where the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company operates important concessions.** This road must be known to many British and European members of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, who have residential quarters at Masjid-i-Suleiman. The way to this little oasis of domestic comfort lies through hills exhibiting oil-bearing features, very gladdening to an oil prospector, but not so heartening to one compelled to live among the perfumes of an oil-well area. The ragged sides of the curving hill-road show ill-formed lumps of rock, recalling the slopes of Etna or Vesuvius. A mosque may break the monotony of the roadway in its lower reaches. From the point shown here a glimpse of Shuster is obtained towards the north-west, one of the most picturesque of South Persian towns; while beyond is Dizful, a busy point in proximity to the oil concession—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE GREAT MOUNTAIN RANGE THAT DIVIDES TEHERAN FROM THE PERSIAN GULF : A snow-capped peak in the long chain bisecting the country. The fact that in modern times a railway has been laid through these mountains is a matter for real wonderment

IN MODERN TEHERAN : A night view of the residential section of the Persian capital. The modern section is as well-built as any city in the world, but only a small portion of Teheran has been Westernised, and it remains a place of astonishing contrasts

THE GROWTH OF MODERN TEHERAN : A main thoroughfare in the residential quarter of the city, showing up-to-date lighting and spacious homes built on the Western plan

Teheran, storm centre of international politics, stands in the midst of a fertile plain about 70 miles south of the Caspian Sea. Until recent years it had little to distinguish it in outward appearance from other Persian cities, but now many broad and straight streets and buildings of Western architecture have made their appearance. Lord Curzon has written, "We are in a city which was born and nurtured in the East, but is beginning to clothe itself at a West End tailor's." Most innovations are to be seen in the northern part of the town, where the Europeans and many well-to-do Persians have their homes, and it was in that area that British and American troops had their headquarters during and just after the war years

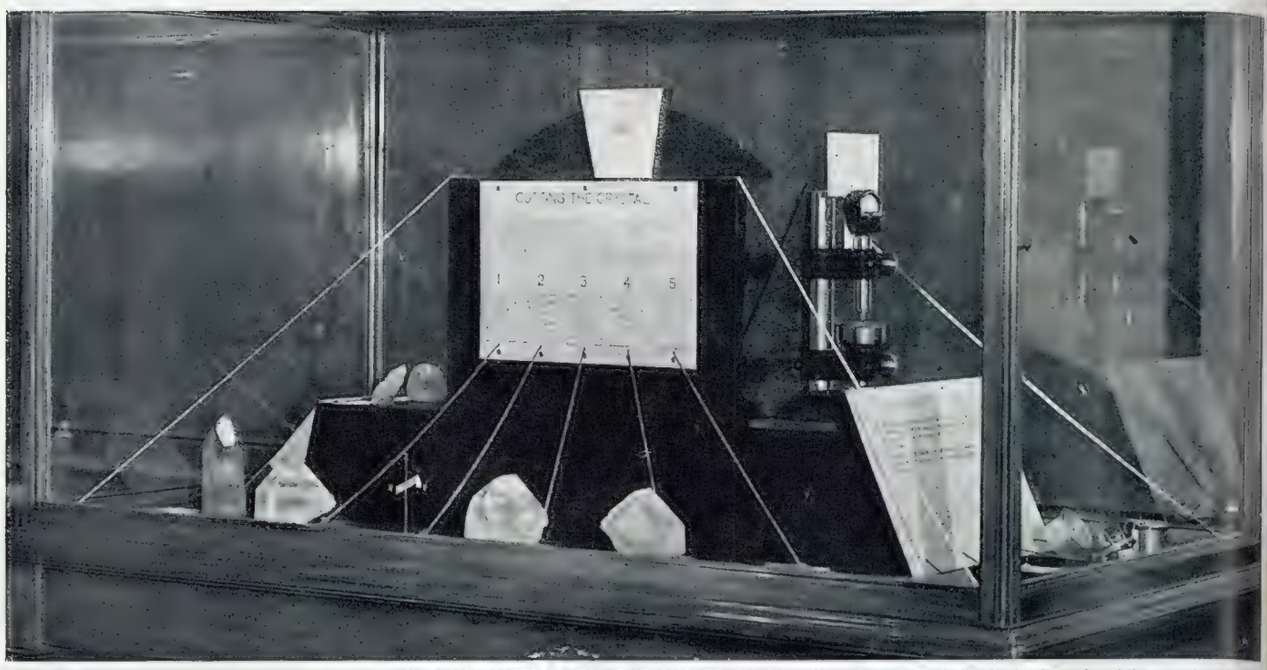
AFTER THE RUSSIANS HAD LEFT KARAJ : The deserted camp (*left*), with inscriptions in Russian at the entrance, and the central square (*right*), with a signpost pointing to Teheran and Kazvin. Two pictures taken after the Red Army had marched out on the night of March 24, and thus had eased temporarily the tension arising from the Persian protest to U.N.O. Russia's presence at Karaj was particularly embarrassing to the Persians, in that their forces lay astride the railway and interrupted communication from the capital

THE PERSIANS TAKE OVER AT KARAJ : The headquarters of the Persian Gendarmerie on the day following the departure of the Russians, who, during the time of their occupation, carried out all policing in this area of Persia. The sudden withdrawal from Karaj came as a complete surprise to the world, and at the same time it was announced from Moscow that the total evacuation of Soviet troops throughout the country would be completed in five to six weeks "provided nothing unforeseen happened"

THE FIRST WITHDRAWAL : Russian troops, headed by three mounted officers, leaving the city of Meshed in North-Eastern Persia at the start of their evacuation on March 2. A few days later Red Army units were again reported in the area, but since then their complete retirement has been announced. During the war years Meshed was a place of considerable importance on the Allied supply route from India to Russia, quantities of lorry-borne material passing through the city on the northward journey

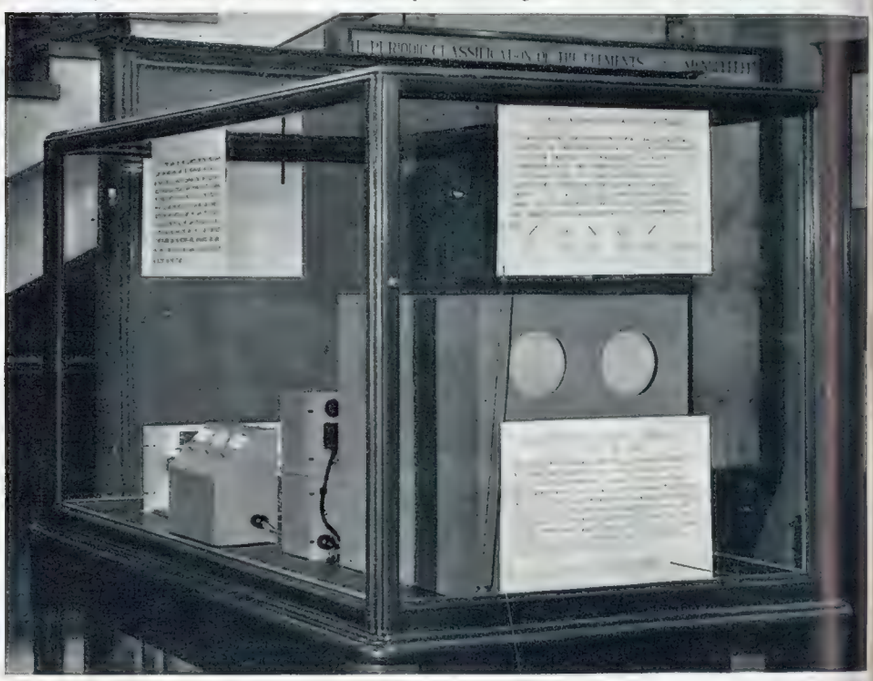
MEASURING SPLIT SECONDS WITH THE QUARTZ CLOCK

A Remarkable Exhibit at the Science Museum, South Kensington

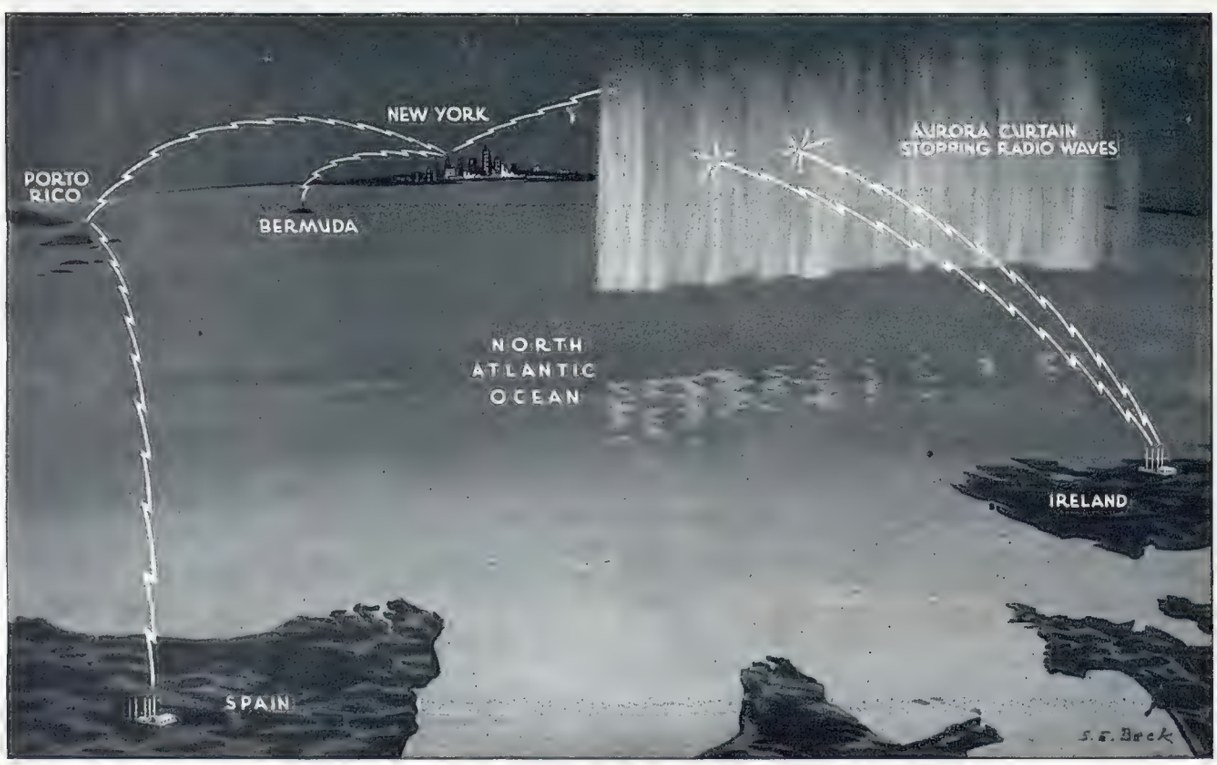


THE RAW MATERIAL FOR THE QUARTZ CLOCK: One of the Post Office Radio Branch exhibits at the Science Museum, South Kensington, showing how, by cutting plates from the natural crystal, oscillators, which are highly stable with respect to temperate changes, are obtained and form the basis of the quartz crystal oscillator clocks, which are used at Greenwich Observatory for measuring time to an accuracy of one part in 100,000,000

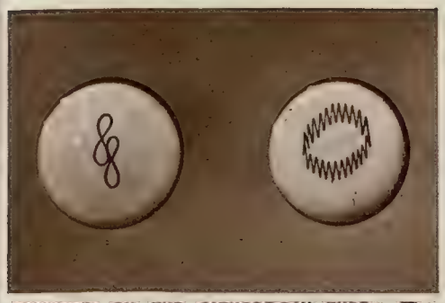
AN ORIGINAL PIECE OF QUARTZ FROM WHICH CLOCK PLATES ARE CUT: This crystal is mined in Brazil and is of the utmost value in time-keeping, as its elastic vibrations are accompanied by small electrical effects, and the resulting oscillations can be maintained and magnified by valve amplifier circuits. The oscillations are even more regular than the movement of a pendulum clock, and by means of electrical recording they can be counted and shown on a dial. The axes x, y and z marked on the quartz are guides to those engaged in cutting the crystal, for only by doing this in a specified way can the required results be obtained



THE CATHODE-RAY TUBE PROVIDES A DEMONSTRATION: Housed in this cabinet at the Science Museum is an apparatus which gives the visitor a comparison in the time recorded by three quartz clocks. The cathode-ray tube on the left compares clocks A and B, and that on the right compares clock B with C. It is possible to record on the tube if one clock gains as little as 1/100,000th part of a second on another, but, after a complete cycle of changes, there is usually little difference between the clocks. The differences are recorded on the tubes in the form of rings and oblique lines, each having its numerical interpretation



***On left*: HOW THE AURORA BOREALIS CAN INTERFERE WITH RADIO TRANSMISSION:** A diagrammatic sketch showing how the recent Auroral displays had the effect of neutralising the ionospheric layer, which ordinarily reflects radio impulses, thus causing a temporary breakdown in transatlantic services, the disturbances being the most serious for five years. The diagram also shows how New York sought to maintain radio communication by by-passing the Auroral curtain, sending messages through Bermuda and Puerto Rico. Pan-American Airways at the same time reported that conditions for aeroplane travel were the worst ever experienced by the line



RECORDED ON THE CATHODE-RAY TUBE: These rings indicate on the tubes the differences between quartz clocks A and B (on left) and B and C (on right). These differences will not vary much beyond 1/100,000th of a second, as the quartz clock is notably stable in operation

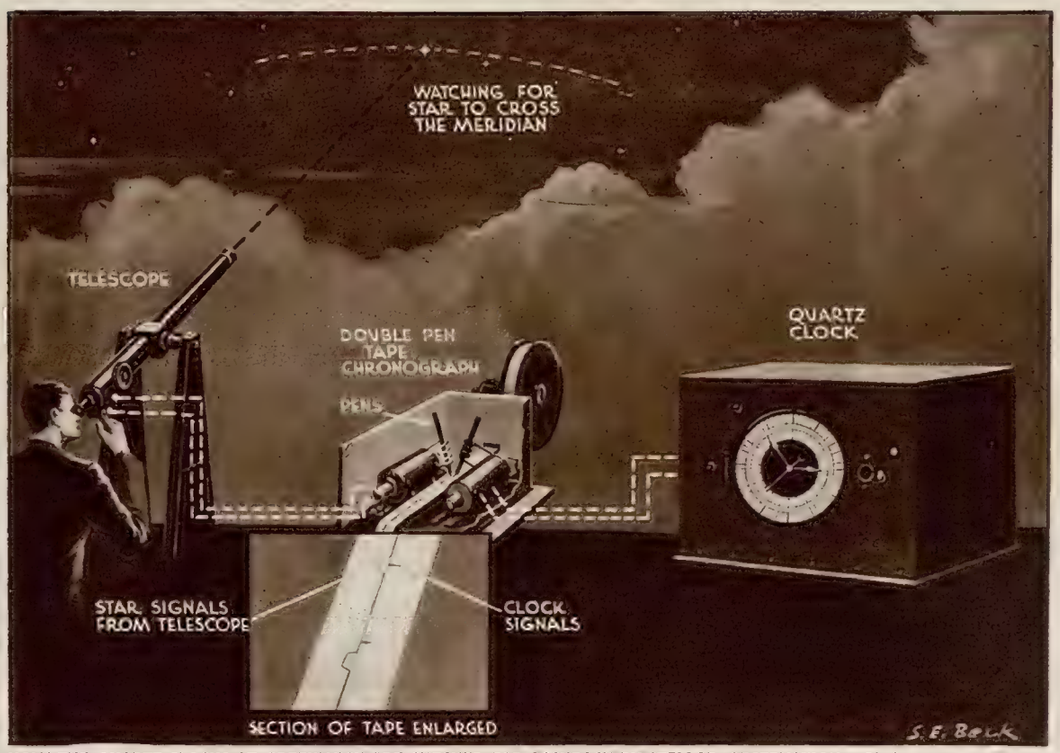
THE DIAL MECHANISM OF A QUARTZ CLOCK: Owing to the number of oscillations per second, it is necessary to employ electrical gearing in order to reduce the rate of vibration to a value within the capacity of the motor which drives the clock dial

Visitors to the Science Museum, South Kensington, have been greatly interested by the exhibit lent by the Post Office (Radio Branch) Laboratories, showing the operation of the quartz clock, which is now used by Greenwich Observatory for measuring time to an accuracy of one part in 100,000,000.

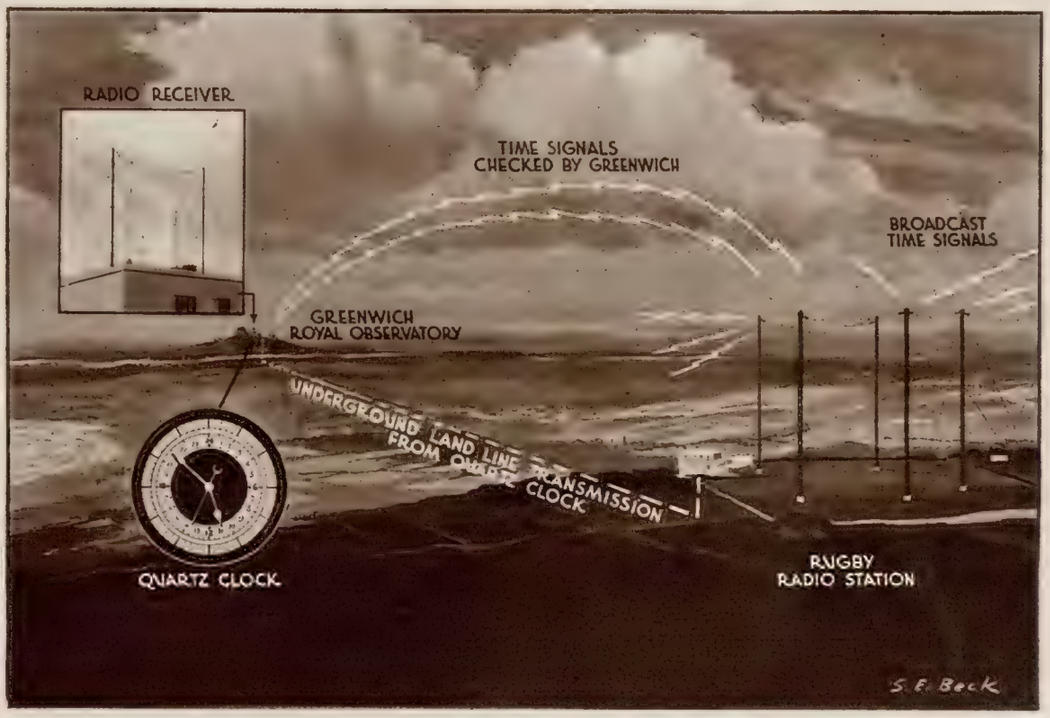
Altogether the exhibit includes three complete quartz crystal oscillator clocks, together with devices for comparing their rates with one another.

The whole theory of the quartz clock as a supremely accurate recorder of time is based on the fact that the elastic vibrations of quartz crystals are accompanied by small electrical effects, and the resulting electrical oscillations can be maintained and magnified by valve amplifier circuits. The oscillations are even more regular than those of a pendulum clock, and by means of electrical gearing they can be counted and recorded on a dial in a way similar to that in which a mechanical clock counts and records the number of swings of a pendulum.

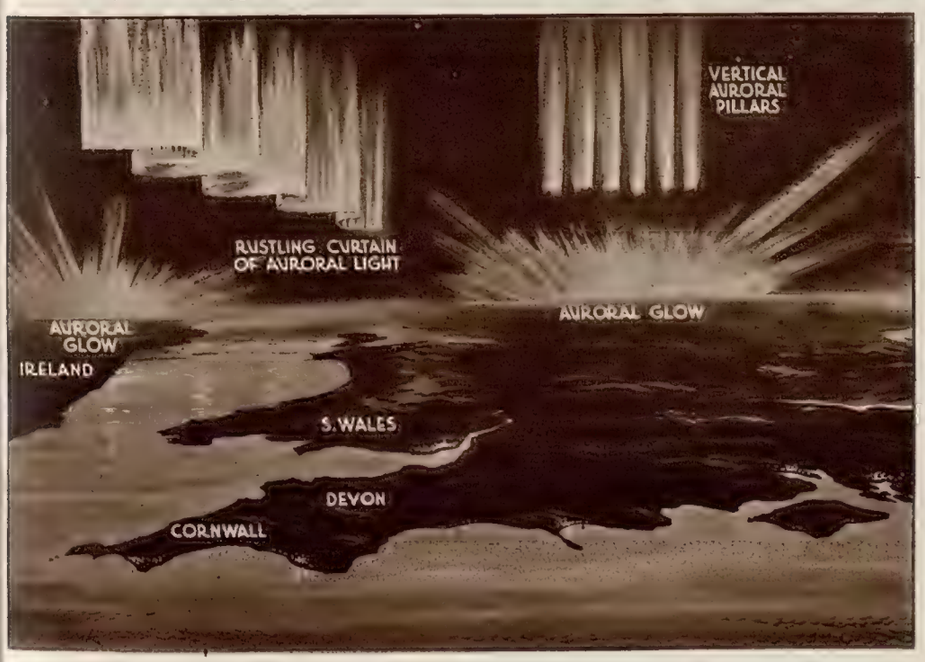
Besides the complete quartz clocks, the exhibit includes details of the selection, preparation and mounting of the crystals, and of the ancillary electrical apparatus.



HOW THE QUARTZ CLOCKS AT GREENWICH ARE CHECKED FOR ACCURACY BY STELLAR OBSERVATION: If the astronomer notes the time on the clock at successive passages of the same star across the meridian he can determine whether his clock is keeping correct "star" time. On the double-pen tape chronograph, the clock signals and the star signals are recorded—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*



THE QUARTZ CLOCK TELLS THE WORLD: A diagrammatic drawing showing how time signals from the clock at Greenwich Observatory are sent by underground transmission line to Rugby radio station, and are then broadcast to all parts of the world. At the same time, Greenwich receives the Rugby signals and a constant watch is maintained on the various delays which may be introduced by the land line or the actual radio transmission. During the war this was of vital importance, as Greenwich time signals were used for such purposes as the navigation of ships and control of frequency standards used in radar. Artillery barrages during the offensives in Europe were often timed on B.B.C. signals—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*



***On left*—A BRILLIANT MANIFESTATION IN BRITAIN'S NIGHT SKY:** An impression of the Auroral displays which have lately appeared and have done so much to interfere with radio and aerial communications across the Atlantic. In general, the Aurora appears either as a whitish arc of light or quivering, rapidly moving beams; but in its most spectacular form the Auroral curtains give the appearance of being great folds of drapery. It is these curtains which create a complete neutralisation of the ionospheric layer and radio impulses are no longer reflected, hence the recent breakdown in North Atlantic communications. The displays have been seen from the Channel Islands, the east coast of Ireland, Cornwall, Devon, South Wales and Lancashire. New Zealand is also reported to have been cut off for a whole night, as the Aurora blacked out radio and cable communications. In many parts of the world there have been severe magnetic storms—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY : Sir Alfred Munnings, R.A., whose selection committee has been busily at work at Burlington House throughout the past week

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SELECTION COMMITTEE MEETS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE : A group specially arranged for the photographer by Sir Alfred Munnings, the President of the Academy, who is seen seated in the centre on the right, wearing the familiar bow tie he so often adopts. Sir Alfred, tired of seeing the same formal group year after year, asked his colleagues to pose according to his direction. The Committee is now engaged in the exacting task of choosing the pictures for this year's exhibition, and, as usual, the entries range from the severely ordinary to the inexplicable, with, of course, the usual quota of works representing skilled endeavour

VETERANS RE-FIGHT AN OLD BATTLE : Commandos rally to the aid of the distressed : Major-General R. E. Laycock, C.-in-C. Combined Operations, and Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Newman, V.C., who is seen in civilian clothes, examining a model of the harbour at St. Nazaire at the headquarters of the Commando's Benevolent Fund, which has just been opened in Haymarket, London. The fund is aiming to raise large sums for the families of men who lost their lives in the first attacks on the fortress of Europe, and from June 10 to June 16 there will be a special Commando Week, when money will be obtained from special exhibitions, collections and dances. Colonel Newman, it will be remembered, won his V.C. at St. Nazaire, showing a complete disregard for danger in the attack upon the lock gates and harbour installations. In the subsequent fighting he was taken prisoner, as also was Commander Beattie, V.C.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH AN INFANTRY LANDING-CRAFT : Down at Kingston-on-Thames this vessel is being transformed into a floating home. The modified design is the work of Commander Bell, of the Admiralty, and when it is finished and put on show it is expected that there will be a big demand for it. It will have a saloon, double-bed sleeping cabin, a cabin with two single bunks, a bathroom and a galley. Already Londoners are beginning to realise that expenses on the river are low, and that it can be a good place on which to live

HIGH-HEELED SHOES ARE IN PRODUCTION AGAIN : Glossing a lady's shoe in the finishing department of a Northampton factory, where footwear for the home market is being turned out

The women of England will soon be able to pick and choose their shoes again, and, if they want them, high heels will be available. The lifting of the austerity regulations has, indeed, given a new fillip to the footwear industry, and in the big factories at Northampton, where the two accompanying pictures were taken, business is booming both for the home and export market, with the accent temporarily on the demands of our overseas customers. The new designs are definitely gay, and there is a tendency to concentrate production on smart sports shoes and evening shoes, which were difficult to obtain during the war

THE HAND-SEWING ROOM AT A NORTHAMPTON FACTORY : Craftsmen at work producing ladies' shoes for the home and export market. Now that austerity regulations on footwear have been lifted, the boot and shoe industry in the Midlands is planning ahead

THE DUSTMEN OF THE USK: A discovery that is now paying big dividends. Men engaged in gathering coal-dust from a sandbank at the mouth of the River Usk, Monmouthshire. They work for Jake Channing, a former docker from neighbouring Newport, who made the discovery in 1921 that deposits of coal washed down from the eastern valley of South Wales gradually build up at the point where the Usk meets the Severn. Jake Channing took home a sample of this dust, and finding that it burnt well, and that an analyst pronounced it good, he started gathering dust by the boatload and selling it. Potential consumers were sceptical, however, and prices were often as low as 4s. 6d. a ton, while competition was so keen that there were often free fights among the boatmen. The competitors eventually dropped out, however, daunted by the small profits and the danger of the work, and by 1938 Channing had a virtual monopoly. To-day, through the good offices of Mr. Shinwell, the Admiralty has loaned boats to help with the work

REPAIRING LONDON'S MIDDLE TEMPLE LIBRARY: A workman engaged on the leading of one of the turrets of the famous building. It was severely damaged during the blitz, and the task of reconstruction will be a long one

HOMES FOR POST-WAR BRITAIN: A typical example of the houses displayed at the Modern Homes Exhibition at Dorland Hall, Regent Street, London. Types like this are now being erected by local authorities in all parts of the country, and it is the object of the exhibition to show members of the public what furniture and accommodation will be available in the months ahead. The homes are in the form of large-scale models in order to ensure that no building material in short supply will be diverted from Mr. Bevan's all-important building drive. The models are complete in every detail, however, and even the furniture is exact to scale. By the use of glass walls it is possible, for the purposes of the exhibition, to see inside many of the rooms. Altogether there are six different houses on view, four of the permanent prefabricated type and two of traditional brick construction. They have been made by skilled model-makers working in conjunction with the architects

BRITAIN'S ALUMINIUM BUNGALOWS: One of the forty yellow-and-green-painted homes which have lately been put up at Tunbridge Wells, Kent. They are among the first of nearly 55,000 houses which are being made by four leading aircraft factories from some 700,000 tons of scrap aluminium, much of it taken from wrecked British and German aircraft. Little preparatory work is required on the site before the erection of the bungalows, and in many ways these bungalows are more prefabricated than any of their rivals. By November it is hoped that the assembly lines of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, Blackburn Aircraft, Armstrong-Vickers and Hawksley's will be turning them out at the rate of 1,250 a week

HOW TO RUN A PUB: Classes in bar-tending are now being organised by London County Council. Some of the students are seen examining a "tun" during the tour of a brewery in the course of their instruction. The curriculum is varied, the men being taught arithmetic, the licensing laws, domestic hygiene, the origin and care of wines, and snack-bar work. After qualifying, students may become managers

REHEARSING "HAMLET" IN THE OPEN AIR: Members of the Old Vic Company and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art taking part in a production of Shakespeare's great tragedy. A scene being enacted in the spring sunshine of London's Cadogan Square, much to the entertainment of the two youths who have balanced themselves on the netting surrounding the tennis-court. The company is known as "The Student Players," and the production is by the Hon. Karis Mond, daughter of Lady Melchett

IN MADRID THEY ARE STILL DOING IT : Although banned by Franco in a recent decree, the Falangist salute is invariably given whenever the Caudillo appears. The Madrileno is either camera-shy or self-conscious, however, and just after this picture was taken the police were called and the photographer was put under arrest, despite the fact that his identity papers were in proper order. As a result of the French attack upon the Spanish Government there has been a certain tendency of recent weeks to rally round Franco

THE BLACK MARKET IN GENOA : The food situation in Northern Italy has deteriorated seriously of recent months, but despite the shortage, it is a fact that rice smugglers are busily at work sending rice over the French frontier. ***Left***—Black Marketeers dealing in rice, which they sell to men who specialise in transporting it across the border into Savoy, making part of the long journey on foot. Rice bought at 50 lire a kilo. in Italy sells for five times that amount on French soil. ***Right***—This dark-haired North Italian girl sells white bread in the streets of Genoa, but a loaf costs many times the normal price

MEDITERRANEAN MERRY-GO-ROUND

A Business-man's Trip by Air to Lands of Plenty and of Rocketing Commodity Prices

By CHARLES GRAVES

"IF you have time to spare, go by air," said the business man cynically as he attacked a piece of corned beef in the club. He has just returned from a, literally, flying trip round the Mediterranean. This lasted sixty-six days, of which ten were spent in waiting for aircraft and half-a-dozen more in organising exit permits. He spent £1,002, of which at least half was in fares.

"I have never eaten or drunk so much in my life," he said. "I have put on seven pounds in weight, but I am glad to get back to austerity, even though it is going to take me several days to recover from the loss of sleep caused by the queer hours at which you start. Believe me," he continued, "the air services operating in the Mediterranean will need a lot of salesmanship to 'put over.' Most of the time I was flying very uncomfortably in stripped Dakotas, and I shall not easily forget going by air from Malta to Cairo and having to sit up all the way. The personnel of the R.A.F. Transport Command and the B.O.A.C. are not exactly friendly. And this is accentuated by the dual-control of so many airfields."

The first leg of the business-man's trip was by air to Portugal. Here he found Lisbon full of every kind of English and American luxury goods. Most of the Germans have apparently left Portugal. The casino at Estoril is doing fine business. The English are not personally popular, but their goods are. It was strange to realise that one could have a second helping of any dish. It was delightful to have almonds, olives and slices of Parma ham produced automatically whenever a glass of sherry was bought. From Lisbon the business-man flew to Madrid, where he spent only a few hours before taking the train to Gibraltar. Madrid, like the rest of Spain, is apparently full of uniforms—grey-green, khaki, German and Customs uniforms. There is a control-post at practically every cross-road, and apparently no one talks politics without looking over his shoulder first to see if anyone is listening. English cigarettes are easily obtainable in the smart bars of Madrid, for the Spanish workmen who are employed in Gibraltar take two eggs (which cost them sixpence) across the frontier into Gibraltar, sell them for a shilling apiece, and with the two shillings buy English cigarettes which they sell for six shillings on their return across the frontier.

In Gibraltar, my friend found that there is a small but noisy section which wants Gibraltar for the Gibraltarians. It will be recalled that 1,900 Gibraltarians, all of whom spoke Spanish, were evacuated to England—many of them to Wembley. Some became West End barmen, making as much as £30 a week, and are not altogether happy at having to return to the Rock.

My friend's journey took him by boat to Tangiers. It is a fantastic city and has an immense future as a holiday resort. Tremendous sums of money have been spent by the different Powers on improving it, and it is now almost unrecognisable. From being one of the cheapest cities—as I personally recall—it has become one of the most expensive; and remains, of course, the clearing-house for international espionage.

From Tangiers my friend returned by boat to Gibraltar, from where he flew to Algiers, which is full of luxuries now more within the reach of the British troops' pockets since the franc has been devalued. The Kasbah is, however, out of bounds. The only austerity is concerned with bread. Restaurants advise patrons to bring their own rolls. But the absurdity of official austerity is shown by the menus. On one side clients see the 60-franc Government tariff for a three-course meal. On the back—printed bold and clear—is the supplement. This offers steaks, chicken, lamb, pork and anything else the visitor desires.

To reach Malta by air from Algiers involved a complicated flight via Sicily, Sardinia and Naples by courtesy of R.A.F. Transport Command. Malta to-day is basically loyal, though many of the inhabitants want to be independent and feel that the George Cross ought to have been awarded individually instead of collectively. Straight Street has at least sixty bars—in fact, the island is dotted with places of alcoholic refreshment. Exports from England are pouring into the island, which is stuffed with chocolates, candy and biscuits, among other things.

From Malta my friend experienced his uncomfortable flight to Egypt—which has had a very good war. The visitor gets the impression that the Government wants to get the English troops out in order to get the English and American tourists in. The Americans have already opened an office for a direct air route to the United States. The Semiramis is still requisitioned, but the other hotels like Mena House are booked three weeks ahead.

In Alexandria there is a café which serves 150 different kinds of cream and chocolate pastries. There is some talk of the British troops leaving Egypt and basing themselves on Palestine, but this is merely bazaar gossip. In the meantime, 500,000 Egyptians are being employed at good salaries by the Allies.

From Cairo my friend, ensconced in an elderly wagon-lit, took the train to Palestine. It was quite a shock to see the barbed wire round the Government buildings, armoured cars patrolling and sentries with fixed bayonets. But there seemed to be no unemployment in Palestine.

A short trip to Amman and Transjordan gave the impression that everything was very cheap there.

It was impossible to fly from Palestine to Cyprus because the Misr pilots were, not unnaturally, on strike in order to raise their pay. This, my friend was informed, was a mere £15 per month. The fare to Cyprus was £8, plus £8 10s. for a cabin-de-luxe, on a journey of sixteen hours. There had been some agitation among the Cypriots to "return" to Greece, but recently they were beginning to doubt the desirability of this. The Mayor of Limassol is Moscow-trained. Here, as elsewhere in the Mediterranean, numbers of cabaret girls—refugees from Hungary, Serbia, and so on—were in evidence. Cyprus, starved of cigarettes, was just receiving a consignment of 7,500,000 when my friend appeared on the scene. Incidentally, he was not greatly impressed by the British controls.

Returning to Egypt, he flew from Cairo to Khartoum, the tidiest place he met on his whole Mediterranean merry-go-round. The cost of living has gone up less than anywhere else—perhaps 60 per cent. instead of 300 per cent. The natives were all earning good money and had acquired a taste for English goods.

My friend returned to Cairo by air, this (return) fare being £172. En route he stopped at Juba. It was stifling hot, and one of the R.A.F. Transport Command men told my friend that he and two others were the original "forgotten men." They had been left there for three years instead of the maximum twelve months.

From Cairo my friend flew by yet another stripped Dakota to Malta, only to be informed that the aircraft was incapable of completing the flight to England. But he and his fellow-passengers were told that, if they liked to take the chance, they could fly back in a Stirling which was on its way home to the scrap-heap. The party accepted the invitation and arrived safely; but learned on arrival at the aerodrome that, owing to lack of proper co-ordination, another aircraft had been flown specially from England to Malta to bring back he and his fellow-travellers.

"At least eighteen months must elapse," he summed up, "before air travel in the Mediterranean can be at all comfortable."

TAKING NO CHANCES IN JERUSALEM : Police engaged in erecting a barbed-wire fence round the Gelat building in the garden suburb of Talbieh, the new headquarters of the Anglo-American Committee conducting the Palestine Inquiry. During its sittings in Jerusalem the Committee has taken an enormous quantity of evidence, but very little that is new has emerged

CAIRO MOURNS : One of the normally thronged streets of the city almost deserted during the special day of mourning for Egyptians killed in the recent anti-British riots in Cairo. Practically no taxis or cars appeared in the streets, and the majority of citizens kept to their homes. The charge that British troops incited the rioting is widely believed in Egypt

THE BIG THREE MEET THE PRESS IN NEW DELHI'S COUNCIL CHAMBER : Sir Stafford Cripps, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, the Secretary of State for India, and Mr. A. V. Alexander seen as they conferred with newspaper correspondents before starting the long series of interviews which characterised the opening stages of their Mission to India. Press Conferences have been held daily and the big three have made every effort to keep India informed regarding the purpose of their investigations

THE BRITISH CABINET MISSION IN DELHI

Interviewing all Parties and Hearing all Shades of Opinion

Sweltering in the heat of Delhi's hottest weather of the year, the British Cabinet Mission to India has had a thankless task; but Lord Pethick-Lawrence, the Secretary of State for India, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Mr. A. V. Alexander stuck to their interviewing, and at the end of the first ten days they must have gained a very fair cross-sectional view of current Indian opinion in all its vagaries and with all its tragically warring points of view.

At one of the many Press Conferences Sir Stafford took the opportunity of clearing up some prevailing misconceptions, which he said "evidently exist in less well-informed Indian political circles as to the purpose of the Mission." "They had," he said, "no 'scheme' in their pockets or heads. The decision on independence having been made, the Mission's duty was to help the Indians to arrive at agreement for a new constitutional structure. With the execution of the agreement the British would have nothing to do, for they would have withdrawn altogether from the scene of the Government in India." He asked Indian publicists to give their own statesmen and diplomatists a fair chance by not working up revolutionary ardour over honest differences of view.

AN INCALCULABLE INFLUENCE IN THE NEW INDIA : Women, in their bright-coloured saris, crowding round a polling-booth during the recent elections. The franchise rules have given the vote to over 4,000,000 women, and there is no doubt that with the growth in education and in feminine emancipation they are playing an ever-increasing part in the political field

THE MISSION TAKES EVIDENCE : Sir Stafford Cripps, Lord Pethick-Lawrence, the Secretary of State for India, and Mr. A. V. Alexander listen to one of the many witnesses who have come before them. Members of all parties are invited to state their cases without reserve

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA MAKES A STATEMENT : Lord Pethick-Lawrence addressing a Press Conference on first arrival in Delhi, when both he and Sir Stafford Cripps removed many prevailing misconceptions. To begin with, there was a widespread feeling that the Mission had a plan of its own for India's future

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

PRINCE OF SPENDTHRIFTS (4).—Payne's rare successes did not keep him from the Gadarene path.

At the Ascot meeting of 1828, who more cheery, prosperous and popular than George? Creevey was at Stoke Farm that year and quite delighted with Lord Sefton's arrangements for his comfort. He drove to the course in "the same carriage with Lord Grey" and "passed George Payne driving his four-in-hand just before we reached Ascot, Lord Worcester by his side on the box and Holyoake and others on the roof. It was a sincere pleasure to me to see George's horse beat the King's two horses. . . . Jersey . . . found the Sovereign in high good humour about it, observing that he had always said Mr. Payne's horse would be too much for his Mare. . . ."

And then, on non-racing days, there were the coaching-club gatherings. The famous whips of the day joined one of two amateur driving clubs, Mr. Buxton's "Four-in-hand" or Sir Harry Peyton's "Benson." They had their rules, and that which forbade racing along the road was one of them, more honoured in the breach. The rivalry between club and club and turn-out and turn-out was fierce. Every member had his distinctive team—Lord Sefton's white socks, and so on—and the rivalry extended to the shape and colour of the coaches. Osbaldeston's "Canary" or "Yellow Admiral" was for a time the last word in eccentricity and created many a sensation on summer evenings along the West road. George Payne patronised the "Four-in-hand," and its usual venue was Bedfont, sixteen miles down the Egham road. Here the whips dined and wined and indulged in innumerable and risky adventures on the drive back to London and the White Horse cellars.

Coaching, of course, led to trotting when the fame of the American trotters began to spread to England, and here again of course George must be in the fashion and must pay through the nose for it. He matched his fancy against Osbaldeston's famous Tom Thumb on the Cambridge-Royston road, and Tom Thumb—in spite of various attempts to thwart him—easily proved his ability to do seventeen miles in an hour in harness.

So one way and another the summer days and nights in London slipped away as easily as the guineas, and all too soon it was time to settle down again at Sulby for the cubbing and the partridges and the serious business of hunting. Paying a visit there in 1829, Creevey left a picture of these gay "lads" dining in scarlet, Payne, Osbaldeston, and the rest, as merry and jolly as possible; and he added a special word of praise for Osbaldeston's good manners.

The road to ruin which such men as George Payne gaily trod is as plain before our eyes to-day as ever it was, plainer perhaps since we know, what they did not, the changes which the years were to bring. In the twenties and early thirties of last century, racing was a close-borough, a family affair in which a hundred men of family or wealth took all the principal parts, those of owner, match-maker and handicapper.

We have seen that the racing fixtures and prizes of the day were in themselves insufficient to give to the owner a fair prospect of an adequate return on his outlay, and he fell back on the distant prospect of making a fortune by lucky speculation. Round this handful of principals gathered scores of professionals, trainers, jockeys, bookmakers and touts, drawn first, perhaps, to the horse, but not less forcibly by the prospect of gleanings from the golden harvest. Admittedly far more is wagered to-day on one unimportant race than was wagered on the Derby a century ago, but no individual to-day carries a tithe of the risk which men like Payne, as a backer, and Gully, as a bookmaker, cheerfully carried.

With Payne the gambling spirit—acquired from an earlier generation of Corinthians and changed in the transit from an eccentricity into a vice—was become an instinct. He must have been the easiest game going for the professionals. He was himself not aware that his recklessness was still in large part barefaced "showing-off," the expedient by which, a generation earlier, the Corinthian forced his own head above the crowd. Added to this, his own natural qualities conspired to his ruin. He was by nature open-handed, by nature optimistic, by nature careless and easy-going. His experience, too, betrayed him. From childhood he had lived among horses and racing and hunting men and he knew a good deal about the horse and something of the technique of training and form. And, knowing a good deal, he could easily persuade himself that he knew more than his neighbour and was a match for all comers. Yet his own stable trials were a common jest shared by the whole racing world, bar himself.

Ned Flatman, his favourite jockey, openly scoffed at his patron's bad judgment, and Greville, his one-time racing partner, not seldom hoodwinked him, though little more clear-sighted as an owner.

Perhaps his greatest enemy was his own natural wit. He was (as Creevey says of Alvanley) a "natural wag." I have always suspected that Lord Alvanley was no more—a wag, a quick-wit, but not in any refined sense of the term a wit; and George Payne, of course, was not on the fringe of the circle of wits. But a natural wag he undoubtedly was. Evidence crowds in to show that he was quick at rough repartee and could usually down an opponent with rough and good-humoured riposte in a wordy duel. It is abundantly clear that easy-going, charitably-minded George, the best company in the world, the best teller of a tale in Clubland, believed that a victory in words was a victory of wits. George had the laugh and his defeated rival the purse.

It was the easiest thing in the world for his trainer to get his own way with so open-handed, so optimistic and so easy-going a patron. If it suited the trainer's book to run one of George's horses in company too good for it, George's doubts were easily overcome. There could be no more expensive indulgence for a racing stable.

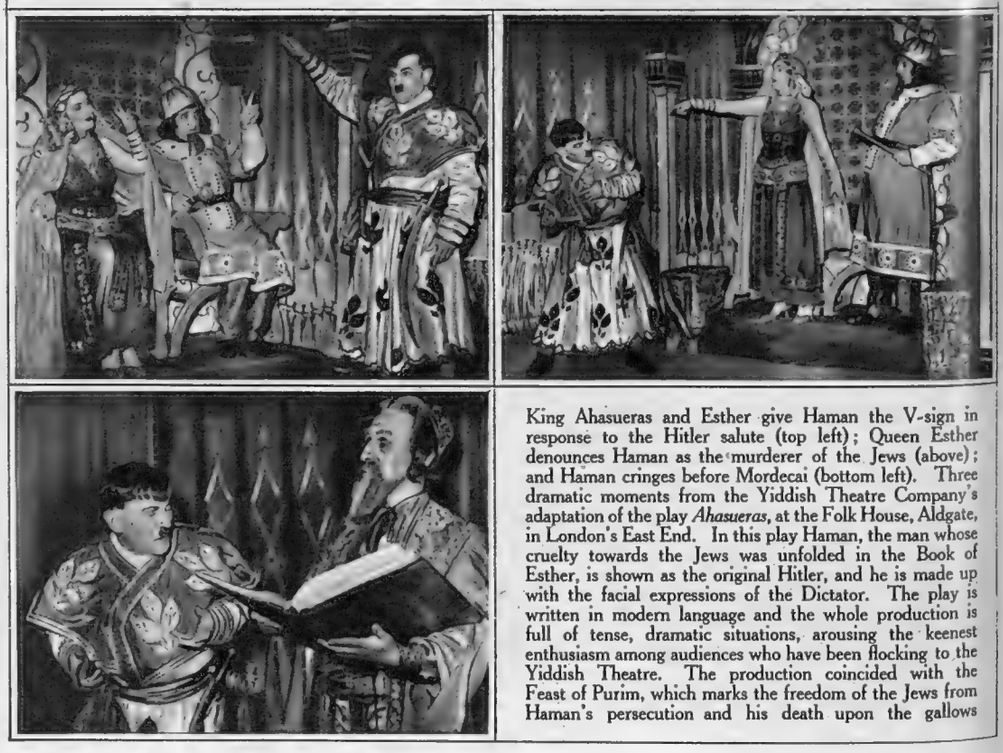
When the hunting season came round again, and George was back at Sulby, the pace slackened and the reservoir of his nervous energy and his vanishing guineas gained a temporary respite. True, the annual building-up of his hunting stable, the match-stakes of steeplechasing—in those days largely still incorrupted point-to-point informalities and genuine tests for hunters and men with an eye for country—and all night séances in the little panelled card-room and the billiard-room at Sulby, cost a deal of money, but the autumn and winter drain on the reservoirs was not to be compared with the summer efflux.

Still, by 1835, he had run through the best part of his splendid patrimony.

SPILLS in a Point-to-Point Race in Cornwall

THEY FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE: The Tetcott and South Tetcott Hunt recently held its point-to-point meeting at Roberts Hill, near Bude, Cornwall, and a remarkable feature of the day's sport was the number of riders who came to grief on the bank, an obstacle familiar enough in West Country hunting circles, but demanding a certain specialised skill on the part of the rider as the horse leaps to the top of the bank, checks momentarily, and then leaps into the field beyond. Mrs. Steed (top left) was happy enough at this obstacle, although a riderless horse nearly proved her undoing, but Mrs. Cox (top right), on Bramble, was in serious difficulties, while Miss Winn (below, on left and right) made a flying leap in advance of her mount, managing however, to grasp the reins as he followed her

HAMAN AS HITLER—A Bible Play in Modern Language



King Ahasueras and Esther give Haman the V-sign in response to the Hitler salute (top left); Queen Esther denounces Haman as the murderer of the Jews (above); and Haman cringes before Mordecai (bottom left). Three dramatic moments from the Yiddish Theatre Company's adaptation of the play *Ahasueras*, at the Folk House, Aldgate, in London's East End. In this play Haman, the man whose cruelty towards the Jews was unfolded in the Book of Esther, is shown as the original Hitler, and he is made up with the facial expressions of the Dictator. The play is written in modern language and the whole production is full of tense, dramatic situations, arousing the keenest enthusiasm among audiences who have been flocking to the Yiddish Theatre. The production coincided with the Feast of Purim, which marks the freedom of the Jews from Haman's persecution and his death upon the gallows

THE NEW WHITEHALL: The Regency Terraces of John Nash, Erected Around Regent's Park

THE REGENCY GLORIES OF LONDON: Sussex Place, one of the streets coming within the Government's new scheme to turn the Regent's Park area into a new Whitehall. Houses that are occupied will not be disturbed, but others will be taken over by Government departments after repair

THE CLASSICAL BEAUTY OF JOHN NASH'S ARCHITECTURE: The main façade of Hanover Terrace, once the home of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, which is in the area of the new Whitehall which the Government is about to establish round Regent's Park. The buildings have suffered considerably from bombing and from wartime neglect

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES LINK THE MAIN STRUCTURES OF NASH'S REGENT'S PARK: A corner of Chester Terrace, which was much damaged by blast from bombs falling in the district during the days of the blitz. It is typical of the buildings that are now to be converted into Government offices

GLORIOUS EVEN IN DECAY: A triumphal arch in Cumberland Terrace which has suffered much from the neglect of the war years. In places the plasterwork has fallen away to reveal some unsightly patches of brick. All this will now be made good before the Government takes over

The Regent's Park Terraces, one of the chief glories of John Nash's London, which were severely damaged during the blitz and have also suffered much from wartime neglect, are not, as was feared, in immediate danger of demolition. Instead, they are to be put in a state of adequate repair, and many of them are to be used as Government offices, forming, in fact, a new Whitehall. Already the Government has decided to take over 200 houses, but those that are occupied will, of course, remain in their present ownership.

Last year the Prime Minister appointed Lord Gorell to be chairman of a Committee to advise him on the future of the terraces; but although the Committee has not yet reported, the Government has gone ahead with its own plans for the new Whitehall. These plans, however, cover only a short term, and doubtless Lord Gorell's recommendations will be directed towards the eventual fate of the buildings. Mr. John Summerson, in his new book on "Georgian London," has declared: "Seen at a distance, perhaps in the kind light of late autumn, Nash's terraces suggest architectural glories which make Greenwich tame and Hampton Court provincial. Carved pediments, rich in allegory, top the trees; massive pavilions, standing forward like the *corps de garde* of Baroque chateaux, are linked to the main structures by triumphal arches or columnar screens. Each terrace stretches its length in all the pride of unconfined symmetry"

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE GENIUS OF LORD ACTON

Bishop Mathew's First-rate Biography of the Celebrated Leader of the English Liberal Catholics—A Combination of Grand Seigneur and Scholar

WHAT, in the space of a brief review, can one do with a study of one of the greatest of historians by so distinguished a contemporary historian as Bishop Mathew? That **ACTON: THE FORMATIVE YEARS** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.) has all the qualities of a first-rate biography can be noted and appreciated on purely literary grounds. The esoterics of the historian are another thing, and, particularly in the case of Lord Acton, the angels must fear to tread among the delicate balancings of conceptions of racialism, of liberty and of Catholic sensibility.

Dr. Mathew confines this study to the "formative years," intending to follow it with a sequel dealing with Lord Acton's later life and the contribution of his maturity. The lay reader will derive much pleasure from the quiet firmness with which the author handles his subject's complex history and early environment. An excellent example is in this summing-up: "Lord Acton's place as an historian is the result of the fruition of his unexampled reading crossed with a rare power of correlation and based upon a mixed and improbable inheritance." Then again, we note the reflection that: "It was a part of Acton's work to kindle reason with his moral fire. Thus in the cold dry air of the eighteenth century the Constitution had been set up where men of earlier times had placed far different mysteries."

And here is Dr. Mathew assessing the impact that Macaulay made upon the young historian: "It is a mark of both Acton and Macaulay that they write from an immense security. . . . Different as was their range of knowledge, both men belong to that high period of the supremacy of Western Man. It was a supremacy which was as patent as it was glorious, and still untarnished."

The combination of *grand seigneur* and scholar is rare enough in all ages. At this time and date, so rich a study has a special value.

For those who like their murders (fictional) committed against a rich and luxurious background, there is Miss Mignon Eberhart's **WINGS OF FEAR** (Crime Club. 8s. 6d.). In this fast-moving story beautiful women, F.B.I. agents and Nazi spies travel briskly between New York and Mexico City by aeroplane, commit a murder or two, suspect their nearest and dearest, and generally raise Cain to the tune of soft guitars and the tinkle of ice in long, frosted glasses.

Miss Eberhart might be called an ace writer of this type of thing, and her plot unfolds with all the precision and elaboration of a Chinese puzzle. She has also been able to keep the secret of the *dénouement* very safe until the last few pages, and that, in these days of astuter and astuter readers, is something. Orchids, in fact—or should it be poinsettias?—to Miss Eberhart for a good and often exciting story.

DEATH AND THE DEAR GIRLS (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.) is another American thriller, this time set in New England, but without any of those pawky New England characters whose dialect and gruff, though honest, emotions sometimes complicate the pages of such literature.

The perennially-beautiful Mrs. Lanchester was the daughter of a former Vice-President of the United States, and had spent the greater part of her life basking in that mild glory, and in telling anecdotes of Uncle Henry—"Henry James, you know"—to whoever would listen. Because of her beauty and a compelling quality that without that loveliness might have been called sheer pigheadedness, a number of people were usually found who would listen, and when she decided to bring her young, pretty, but browbeaten daughters back to her little country house in Massachusetts, the neighbourhood was thrilled. For it was in that village that her family had picnicked with Oscar Wilde—or was it Rudyard Kipling? And the village was ready to be interested, if not impressed.

The first of a series of extremely painful and ugly murders, however, upset everybody's plans, including the calm Mrs. Lanchester's, and the equally ugly solution of the murderer's identity was no help to the region's peace of mind.

Mr. Jonathan Stagge writes with humour as well as with an appreciation of the macabre, and both these novels are to be recommended.

Coming in at the tail-end of a trilogy, without having read the two preceding volumes, is a little like going to the theatre for the third act of a new play, and spending one's time, almost up to the final curtain, in trying to get everybody sorted out. It is usually easier with a book, because novelists prepare for this sort of contingency, and playwrights, very understandably, do not. But it is still oddly unsatisfying.

YOUNG SAM (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) is a case in point, where a book may have a plot that is complete in itself, and not necessarily dependent on previous books, but where the author's own familiarity with her characters has made her presentation of them a little blurred. Some of the people here, of course, must be new, but the family background dates back to other pages, and the mothers and grandmothers give the impression of being taken from stock.

Since the Lucullan days of Arnold Bennett, hotels have always made good copy, and "Sam's" hotel in Arlington Street is no exception. In fact, I could have done with a great many more details about its running and internal economy, but I had the impression that that had all been dealt with before, and that Miss Henrietta Leslie saw no point in re-covering old ground. Nevertheless, she tells her story competently, and more assiduous readers than I will be pleased that the set is now completed.

A new small series of **SELECTED STORIES** (Fridberg. 2s. 6d.) is now being published, and the first three paper-covered volumes contain stories by, respectively, Miss Norah Hoult, Mr. Fred Urquhart and Mr. John Brophy, from their published and unpublished work. The books come into the pocket-book definition, and are handy editions for reading on journeys or for packing in the luggage which—inevitably—one carries oneself! Besides being light and compact, they contain just enough of the several authors' work to whet the reader's appetite for more.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER HITS THE MARK AGAIN: The well-known novelist, whose latest book, "The King's General," has achieved a rapid success, takes a great interest in archery. She is seen here in the grounds of her home at Menabilly, Cornwall, with her two children, Christian and Flavia, when going out to spend a morning at the butts. Miss du Maurier is the wife of Major-General Browning and the second daughter of the late Gerald du Maurier. Many of her books have been adapted to the screen, including *Jamaica Inn*, *Rebecca*, and *Frenchman's Creek*, and it is reported that a very large sum has been offered for the film rights of her latest work

EXPONENTS OF MODERN CHINESE MUSIC: Miss Chow Shiao-Yen (right), the soprano, Miss Lee Hsien Ming, the pianist, and the latter's husband, Mr. Alexandre Tcherepnine, the Russian composer, seen together at the Whitehall Theatre, where the two girls played and sang at an international reception given recently by the Chinese Ambassador in London. Mr. Tcherepnine met Miss Lee when she was graduating from China's National Conservatoire in Shanghai, and he himself was on a tour of China learning the rudiments of Chinese music. Both Miss Chow and Miss Lee work in an occidental medium, and when they return to their own country they hope to give China a first introduction to European concert music

Mr. E. H. D. Sewell's new book of cricketing lore and cricket reminiscences, **OVERTHROWS** (Stanley Paul. 16s.), is written in that expert's best and liveliest style, and his stories of W. G. Grace—"the greatest Briton of his day," and the famous Ranji, whose nickname, incidentally, was "Smith," are very diverting reading. Talking of nicknames, Mr. Sewell has a long and remarkable list which he calls "Flora and Fauna," from which one can learn any one of a hundred friendly and possibly appropriate little labels which have been tied to the most famous cricketers. Less kindly, he includes a menu, all thirty-six items of it, of a luncheon given to twenty-two hungry cricketers in the year 1886.

Mr. Sewell makes his own choice of dishes from it, and then adds reflectively: "And then let someone else do the bowling." A good-tempered, nostalgic book, with no particular plan to its writing, but with the clear and admirable purpose of telling people just that little bit more about cricket and its great players that turns it from a game into an art.

Old Wellingtonians will appreciate and enjoy **MY RECOLLECTIONS OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE** (Johns. 8s. 6d.), by Mr. George F.-H. Berkeley, which cover the years between 1883 and 1889, and come down heavily on the side of cricketing reminiscence. Mr. Harold Nicolson has left it on record that, in his day, Wellington was a school where: "So convinced were the authorities that Satan was lying in wait for any unoccupied little boy, that some precise occupation was devised for every hour and every minute, whether in the form of compulsory games or compulsory lessons."

Mr. Berkeley, however, holds that this was not the case in his day, and paints a happier—or at least a freer—picture of the rule of the Reverend E. C. Wickham, Headmaster for twenty years from the '70's. He writes only of those Wellingtonians of whom he had personal memories, and his book is in some sort a supplement to the official history of the school.

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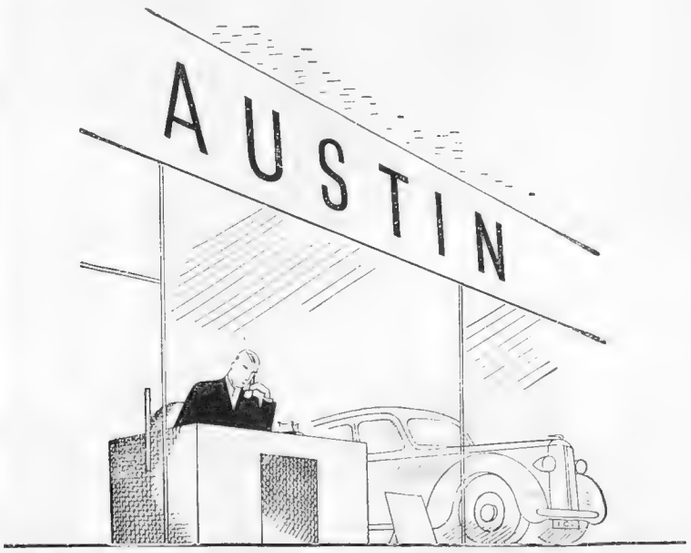

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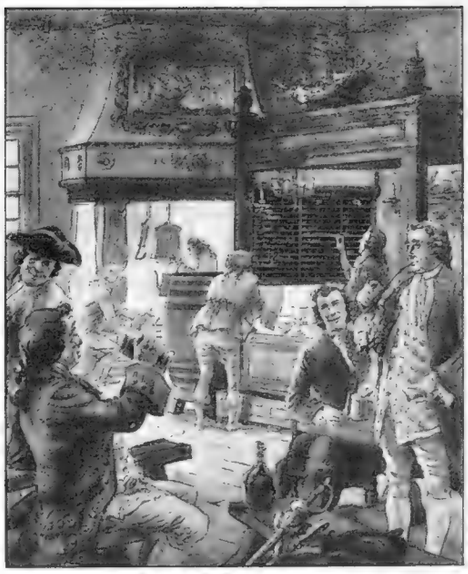

IN the colourful days of early commercial expansion the forerunner of the modern "change" was the coffee shop (from which sprang Lloyds) and the bars dispensing punch. In the latter it became the custom to chalk up each merchant's score for final settlement. "P" stood for a pint and "Q" for a quart. Hence it behoved the wily merchant not only to watch his bargaining but to keep an eye on the tavern keeper to see that he was not charged too much — to mind his P's and Q's.

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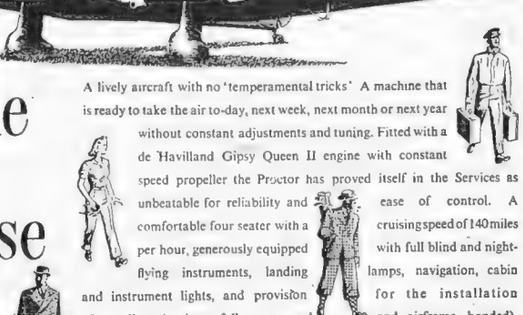

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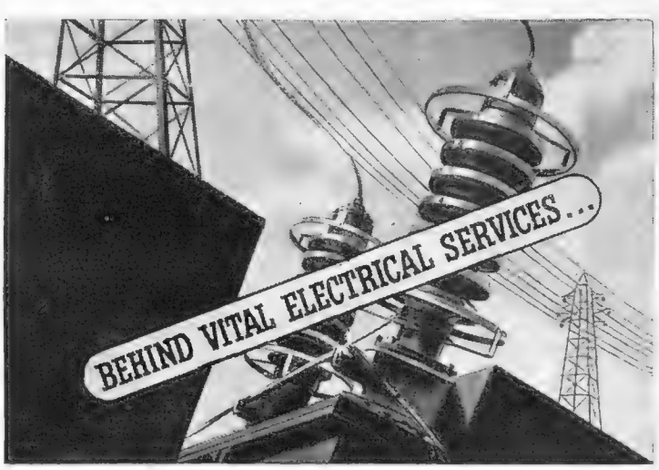

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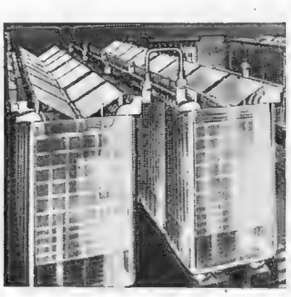

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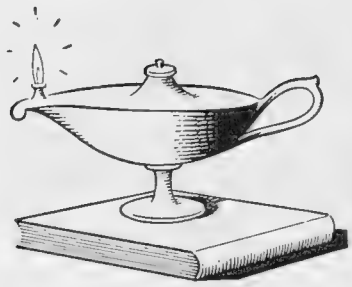

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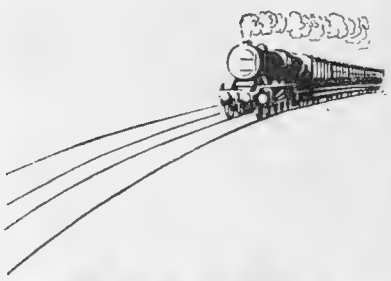

AERTEX

Painted by Keith Henderson.

THOMAS HUNT is a native of Merseyside, who entered the chemical industry as a "lab." boy at the age of 14. Two years later he was transferred to the manufacture of sulphuric acid with which he has been concerned ever since. Sulphuric acid is one of the most important of all heavy chemicals, being so widely used in production that its consumption is often taken as a barometer of general industrial activity. At first Mr. Hunt was engaged in recovering lead from the lead sulphate which is produced when sulphuric acid is made by what is known as the chamber process. Then followed a break of three years of distinguished war service in the Cheshire Regiment from 1916-1919, during which Mr. Hunt was awarded the Military Medal for bringing in wounded under fire at Ypres. Leaving the army with the rank of corporal he went back to his old works, and in 1935 was made foreman of a plant making sulphuric acid by the contact process. This consists of burning pyrites, a mineral rich in sulphur, in large furnaces to form sulphur dioxide gas. This gas is cleaned by electrostatic precipitators, vessels in which a high voltage is applied to the gas, causing the dust and mist to fall out. The purified gas is then dried, and passed over a catalyst to convert the sulphur dioxide into sulphur trioxide, which combined with water gives sulphuric acid. Mr. Hunt's responsibility is to see that the furnaces are fed regularly, the flues kept clean, and that the gas cleaning, drying, conversion and absorption processes are running smoothly. Any irregularity of operation reduces the output. The many instruments needed for the control of the process are concentrated in a small room where Mr. Hunt's staff record the readings hour by hour and make any adjustments which may be necessary. Mr. Hunt is a key link in the chain of industrial production which depends on the chemical industry.

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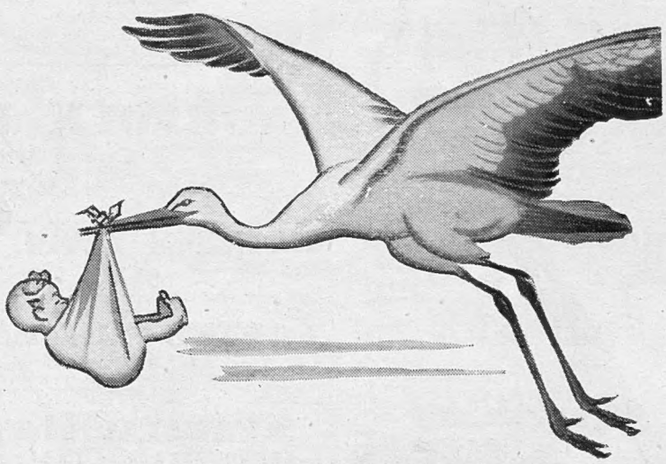

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